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(*Page* 96)

THE SIX CITIZENS KNEEL BEFORE THE KING

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK FOUR

BY

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

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ILLUSTRATED BY
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BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
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FOREWORD

THIS series of books aims to serve three distinct purposes: first, to arouse a greater interest in oral reading; second, to develop an expressive voice — sadly lacking in the case of most Americans; and third, to give freedom and grace in the bodily attitudes and movements which are involved in reading and speaking. The stories given cover a varied range of interests — dramatic incidents in the lives of famous men and women and episodes of special significance from literature predominating.

Children are dramatic by nature. They *are* for the time the kings, the fairies, and the heroes that they picture in their imaginations. They *are* these characters with such abandon and with such intense pleasure that the on-looker must believe that nature intended that they should give play to this dramatic instinct, not so much formally, with all the trappings of the man-made stage, but spontaneously and naturally, as they talk and read. If this expressive instinct can be utilized in the teaching of reading, we shall be able both to add greatly to the child's enjoyment and to improve the quality of his oral reading. In these days when so many books are hastily read

in school, there is a tendency to sacrifice expression to the mechanics and interpretation of reading. Those acquainted with school work know too well the resulting monotonous, indistinct speech and the self-conscious, listless attitude which characterize so much of the reading of pupils in grades above the third. It is believed that these readers will aid in overcoming these serious faults in reading, which all teachers and parents deplore. The dramatic appeal of the stories will cause the child to lose himself in the character he is impersonating and read with a naturalness and expressiveness unknown to him before, and this improvement will be evident in all his oral reading, and even in his speech.

The use of the books permits the whole range of expression, from merely reading the stories effectively, to "acting them out" with as little, or as much, stage-setting or costuming as a parent or teacher may desire. The stories are especially designed to be read as a part of the regular reading work. Many different plans for using the books will suggest themselves to the teacher. After a preliminary reading of a story during the study period, the teacher may assign different parts to various children, she herself reading the stage directions and the other brief descriptions inclosed in brackets. The italicized explanations in parentheses are not intended to be read

aloud; they will aid in giving the child the cue as to the way the part should be rendered. After the story has been read in this way, if thought advisable it can be played informally and simply, with no attempt at costuming or theatric effects. It will often add to the interest of the play to have some of the children represent certain of the inanimate objects of the scene, as the forest, the town gate, a door, etc. Occasionally, for the "open day," or as a special exercise, a favorite play may be given by the children with the simplest kind of costuming and stage-setting. These can well be made in the school as a part of the manual training and sewing work. In giving the play, it will generally be better not to have pupils memorize the exact words of the book, but to depend upon the impromptu rendering of their parts. This method will contribute more largely to the training in English.

The best results will usually be obtained by using this book in the fifth and sixth grades.

CONTENTS

THE PEN AND THE INKSTAND 1
Suggested by Hans Andersen's The Pen and the Inkstand.

THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER'S JAM . . . 6
Suggested by Hans Andersen's The Nis at the Huckster's.

AN HONEST CRITIC 15
Based on an historical incident.

THE WHITE CANOE 21
Based on an episode in William Trumbull's The White Canoe.

WILLIAM TELL 31
Based on historical facts.

PETER THE GREAT'S SCHOOL 45
Based on an historical incident.

THE SANDALWOOD BOX 56
Suggested by The Legend of the Moor's Legacy from Irving's Alhambra.

BERNARD PALISSY, ENAMELLER TO HIS MAJESTY 71
Based on historical facts.

THE KEYS OF CALAIS 87
Based on an historical incident.

PERSEPHONE 98
Based on the classic myth

HENRY HUDSON 116
Based on historical records.

LAFAYETTE'S TOAST 136
Based on the incident of the Conway Cabal.

DANIEL BOONE 142
Based on the true incident of Boone's capture.

HOW THEY SAVED THE FORT 155
Based on a true incident of the Indian wars of Kentucky.

SIR PERCIVALE, THE BOY KNIGHT FROM THE FOREST 163
Based on the story of Peredur in the Mabinogion.

DON QUIXOTE 179
Based on incidents in Cervantes' romance.

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SIX CITIZENS KNEEL BEFORE THE KING (See page 96) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

THE STUDENT IN THE HUCKSTER'S SHOP . . . 7

"I DARE TO SPEAK THE TRUTH" 19

"SEE HOW SHE KNEELS AMONG THE FLOWERS" . 29

WALTER BIDDING HIS FATHER GOOD-BYE . . . 37

"HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES?" 63

"WHAT IS THAT? A NEW DRESS, YOU SAY?" . 73

"COME, ALL, WITH GARLANDS TO ENTWINE" . . 103

"MANITO! MANITO!" 127

"I'VE WON!" 161

"WHAT WOULDST THOU, HERMIT?" 173

"A STRONG WIND COMES AGAINST ME" 207

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK FOUR

THE PEN AND THE INKSTAND

TIME: *one evening.*
PLACE: *a Poet's room.*

THE POET.	HIS BLOTTER.
HIS FRIEND.	HIS ERASER.
HIS PEN.	HIS RULER.
HIS INKSTAND.	HIS PAPER-CUTTER.

OTHER DESK ARTICLES.

[*The* POET *sits at his desk, writing. His* FRIEND *sits near by, waiting.*] [1]

POET (*throwing down pen*).[2] Now, my friend, I have finished! You say that famous violinist plays to-night?

FRIEND. Yes; I thought you would want to hear him.

POET. I do. His playing is splendid. I should like to write a poem about it some day.

[1] The Explanations in *brackets* may be read by the teacher or by a pupil.

[2] The words in *parentheses* are not intended to be read aloud; they will give the child the cue as to how the part should be rendered.

FRIEND. You are the one poet that could do it.

POET. Nay, my friend —

FRIEND. Ah, but it is wonderful what you bring out of an inkstand!

POET. No, dear friend, but it is wonderful what can be brought out of an inkstand. I am ready — come.

[*They go.*]

INKSTAND. Yes, certainly, that is what I have always said. It is wonderful what a number of things come out of me! One drop is enough for half a page, and what cannot half a page contain!

BLOTTER. What, indeed!

INKSTAND. Why, from me all the books of the poet are produced!

ERASER. Wonderful!

BLOTTER. Astonishing!

PAPER-CUTTER. Amazing!

PENCIL. Marvellous!

RULER. Most extraordinary!

OTHER ARTICLES. And surprising!

INKSTAND. From me come those wonderful poems with their vivid pictures of nature. I myself don't understand how it is, for I am not at all acquainted with nature, but it is certainly in me.

PEN. Mercy on us! Do you think the poet depends on you for those things, Madam?

INKSTAND. To be sure he does. 'T is from me he gets his poems of beautiful maidens and brave knights, and I know not what more, for I assure you all that I never think of such things.

PEN. There! You are right! You never think at all. If you did, you would see that you only provide the means.

INKSTAND. Sir!

PEN. You give the fluid that I may place upon the paper what dwells in me, and what I wish to bring to light.

INKSTAND. Sir! You have hardly been in service a week, and you are already half worn out! Do you imagine you have so soon become a poet?

PEN. If I were not, how could I write those wonderful poems, Madam? 'T is I who am acquainted with nature! 'T is I who describe those beautiful maidens and those brave knights!

ERASER. Wonderful!

PENCIL. Astonishing!

RULER. Amazing!

BLOTTER. Marvellous!

PAPER-CUTTER. Most extraordinary!

OTHER ARTICLES. And surprising!

INKSTAND. You are only a servant, sir. Before you came, I had many like you, and many others of the goose family.

PEN. Certainly, we are a race of poets.

INKSTAND. Writing-stick!

PEN. Inkpot!

[*Enter the* POET *and his* FRIEND.]

POET. Was it not beautiful? I have never heard such music produced from a violin!

FRIEND. It was truly wonderful.

POET. There was a richness of tone that sounded sometimes like tinkling water-drops, or rolling pearls; sometimes like the birds twittering in chorus, and then rising and swelling in sound like the wind through the fir trees.

FRIEND. Why not write your poem now, while the music is still sounding in your ears?

POET. I will, now.

(*He writes. Pause.*)

There! Listen, friend!

(*He reads aloud.*)

How foolish it would be for the violin and the bow to boast of their part in this wonderful music! And yet, we men often commit that folly. The poet, the artist, the professor, the general — we all do it. And all the while we are only the instruments which the Almighty uses. We have nothing ourselves of which we should be proud. To Him alone the honor is due.

FRIEND. That is beautiful! I wish our friends might hear it. Will you not read it to them now?

POET. If it would give you pleasure.

[*They go.*]

PEN. That is what you get, Madam! Did you hear him read aloud what I had written down?

ERASER. Wonderful!

PENCIL. Astonishing!

RULER. Amazing!

BLOTTER. Marvellous!

PAPER-CUTTER. Most extraordinary!

OTHER ARTICLES. And surprising!

INKSTAND. Not at all! Not at all! You wrote what I gave you to write. That was a cut at you because of your conceit — a cut that came from me, sir!

PEN. Inkpot!

INKSTAND. Writing-stick!

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THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER'S JAM

THE HUCKSTER, *who lives back of the shop.*
THE STUDENT, *who lives above the shop.*
THE GOBLINS, *who live in the shop.*
LIGHT, *who comes from the book.*
MAIDEN, KNIGHT, ROBBER, } *who live in the book.*

SCENE I

TIME: *one evening.*
PLACE: *the Huckster's shop.*

[*The* HUCKSTER *is standing behind his counter. The* GOBLINS *are hiding behind a cask. Enter the* STUDENT.]

HUCKSTER. Good-evening, Student. What can I do for you?

STUDENT. I wish to buy candles and cheese, sir.

[*The Huckster tears a leaf out of an old book; wraps the candles and cheese in leaf; gives package to Student, who gives money and turns to go.*]

HUCKSTER. Wait, please; there is some change due you.

THE STUDENT IN THE HUCKSTER'S SHOP

[*While the Huckster is making the change, the Student reads the leaf in which the articles are wrapped.*]

STUDENT. This book should never have been torn up, Huckster! It was written by a great poet.

HUCKSTER. Here is the rest of it. You may have it for sixpence, if you will.

STUDENT. Indeed I will! Give me the book instead of the cheese.

(*The exchange is made.*)

You are a clever man, Huckster, but you understand no more about poetry than a goblin.

HUCKSTER. Ha, ha! That is true; I do not understand it in the least. I am even a bit afraid of it. Now, speaking of goblins, I believe there is a goblin or two about this house. Are you ever annoyed?

STUDENT. No goblin would bother me. They do not care for crusts when they can get your jam.

HUCKSTER. True; goblins are a greedy lot.

STUDENT (*going*). Well, good-evening, Huckster.

HUCKSTER. Good-evening, Student.

[*The Student goes. The Huckster goes to back of store. The Goblins come from behind the cask.*]

FIRST GOBLIN. We should find out about that thing the Student called poetry. If it is better than cheese, we may want some of it.

SECOND GOBLIN. Ah, but the Huckster said he

himself did not understand it. Now the Huckster makes the best jam in the world. How could there be anything he did not understand, unless it were something evil?

FIRST GOBLIN. It may be a witch!

SECOND GOBLIN. Or a wild beast!

FIRST GOBLIN. But still, the Student said it was better than cheese. Let us creep up to the Student's room.

SECOND GOBLIN. Not I! It is too great a risk!

FIRST GOBLIN. Well, I think I will just slip within his door. If I see a witch or a beast, 't will not be too late to run. I 'll go at once, too, for if this poetry turns out good to eat, I may as well arrive on time.

[*He goes, running.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *a little later.*

PLACE: *the Student's garret.*

[*The* STUDENT *sits reading the torn book, from which come dazzling rays of* LIGHT. *Enter the* GOBLIN, *remaining close to the door.*]

GOBLIN. What is this! The light comes from the book! Mercy on me!

LIGHT. See, Goblin, how the book sends forth light when it is read!

GOBLIN. I see! I see! It is wonderful!

LIGHT. The Student sits in a sea of light, a shimmering, glittering sea.

GOBLIN. It is wonderful!

LIGHT. Will you not come and sit beside him?

GOBLIN. No, no! There is something in the book that might spring out upon me!

LIGHT. There is nothing in the book but poetry, little Goblin.

GOBLIN. I fear this poetry is a witch.

LIGHT. I will have it talk to you, then you will not be afraid.

GOBLIN. Well, let it talk, but do not let it out of the book.

(*The Student turns a leaf. A pretty* MAIDEN *looks out from the new page.*)

Mercy on me! Do you live in the book?

MAIDEN. Yes; it is my home.

GOBLIN. Who put you there?

MAIDEN. A poet.

GOBLIN. Poet? What is that?

MAIDEN. The man who wrote this book.

GOBLIN. He is a cruel man to keep you shut up within a book!

MAIDEN. Nay, I may come out to all who read.

GOBLIN. Do they put you back again?

MAIDEN. Some do, for they forget me.

GOBLIN. Will the Student do that?

MAIDEN. Oh, no! He will take me with him wherever he goes.

GOBLIN. Do not go away! You are more beautiful than jam! Won't you stay with me, dear Maid?

MAIDEN. I will go with him, and I will stay with you.

GOBLIN. How can you do that?

MAIDEN. Come, sit beside the Student and read. The poetry will enter your heart, and you will understand. Come!

GOBLIN. No, no! Poetry must stay in the book!

MAIDEN. Then I cannot remain with you.

[*The Student turns the leaf; the Maiden disappears.*]

GOBLIN. Come back, Maiden! Come back!

(*A* KNIGHT *looks out from the new page.*)

Mercy on me! Do you live in the book, too?

KNIGHT. Yes; it is my home.

GOBLIN. Do you know the Maiden who is more beautiful than jam?

KNIGHT. Yes, and I love her dearly.

GOBLIN. So do I, Sir Knight! So do I! Won't you bring her back to me?

KNIGHT. I cannot — 't is too late, sir!

GOBLIN. Has aught happened to her?

KNIGHT. Aye! A wicked robber has stolen her and has shut her up within a castle.

GOBLIN. We must save her! Come, let's off! The wicked robber may ill-treat her! Come!

KNIGHT. Nay! Three pages must yet be read ere I can go to save the Maid. The poet has it so arranged.

GOBLIN. We will not listen to him!

(*The Student turns the leaf; the Knight disappears.*)

Come back! Let's save the Maiden! Come back, Sir Knight!

[*The* ROBBER *looks out from the new page.*]

ROBBER. I give you good day, Goblin.

GOBLIN. Mercy on me! Who are you?

ROBBER. I am the Robber, Goblin.

GOBLIN. Are you he who stole the Maid?

ROBBER. Aye, sir. I am he!

GOBLIN. Give her up, sir! At once, sir!

ROBBER. Nay, but I cannot!

GOBLIN. O wicked Robber! O evil, wicked Robber!

ROBBER (*weeping*). Every one blames me who am not at all to blame! The poet had me do this thing! 'T was not of my own planning!

GOBLIN. Give up the Maid, I say!

ROBBER. Nay, two pages must yet be read ere I can free the Maid. The poet has it so arranged.

[*The Student turns the leaf; the Robber disappears.*]

GOBLIN (*weeping*). Is there no help for the poor little Maid?

LIGHT. Weep not, Goblin; the Maiden will be saved. The Student is in the castle now; he sees the Maid; he hears her sing.

GOBLIN. Then 't is magic!

LIGHT. Yes, 't is the magic of poetry.

GOBLIN. This poetry is truly a witch, then?

LIGHT. A wonderful witch — the Student could not live without her.

GOBLIN. I would the witch carried me to the castle!

LIGHT. She will, if you will live in the Student's garret and sit beside him when he reads.

GOBLIN. This is a wonderful place — but there is the shop below with the jam —

[*The Student stands and prepares to close the book.*]

LIGHT. Decide quickly, Goblin! When the book is closed, I cease to be. Will you leave the Huckster and his jam for the Student and his book?

GOBLIN. I will divide myself between them.

LIGHT. Nay, you cannot do that, Goblin. Poetry could do nothing for you then.

GOBLIN. I want to see the Maiden — but there is the jam —

(*The Student closes the book. The Light disappears.*)

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Why can't I have both book and jam? 'T is a cruel world! Just because I could not give up the jam, I must needs have jam alone. And jam alone without the book and Maid will not taste half so sweet, I know. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

[*He goes, weeping.*]

AN HONEST CRITIC

TIME: *B. C. 380.*

PLACE: *Syracuse, Sicily; the palace of the Tyrant Dionysius*[1] *(ruler of Syracuse).*

DIONYSIUS.

PHILOXENUS,[2] A POET.	SECOND COURTIER.
THE PAINTER.	THIRD COURTIER.
THE SCULPTOR.	FOURTH COURTIER.
FIRST COURTIER.	GUARDS.

[*A beautiful room is seen, with the throne at one end.* PHILOXENUS, *the* PAINTER, *the* SCULPTOR, *and many* COURTIERS *stand about, talking.*]

PAINTER (*softly*). Listen, friends! I've news!

OTHERS (*surrounding him*). Speak! Speak!

PAINTER. Sh! 'T is news that must be whispered: the prince was sent to prison last night!

OTHERS. The prince!

PAINTER. Aye, the prince. He praised a poem written by Philoxenus here.

PHILOXENUS. Can this be true?

PAINTER. I was present; I saw the emperor's anger.

[1] dī-ō-nish'i-us. [2] fī-lok'se-nus.

PHILOXENUS. Why, tell us more of this.

PAINTER. The emperor, as you know, has lately become a poet himself —

OTHERS. Ha, ha, ha!

PAINTER. Sh! Would you join the prince in prison? Sh! Sh! Now listen, the matter happened thus: Dionysius spoke of the latest poem of Philoxenus. The prince praised it most highly, and was straightway sent to prison.

OTHERS. Shameful! Shameful!

FIRST COURTIER. Dionysius cares to hear no praises except those of Dionysius.

OTHERS. Aye! Aye!

SECOND COURTIER. Every man must choose his words these days.

THIRD COURTIER. And must choose words that will glorify Dionysius.

OTHERS. Aye! Aye!

FOURTH COURTIER. Sh! Sh! Here he comes!

[*Enter* DIONYSIUS, *attended by* GUARDS. *All bow, as he sits on his throne.*]

DIONYSIUS. My good friends, I have written a new poem, and would have your opinion of it. So each may read and speak what he thinks.

[*He hands a scroll of papyrus to the Painter, who reads it silently.*]

PAINTER. It is beautiful, O great Dionysius!

[*He hands the poem to the Sculptor, who reads it silently.*]

SCULPTOR. It is magnificent, O renowned Dionysius! As magnificent as a statue of Apollo!

[*He hands the poem to the First Courtier, who reads it silently.*]

FIRST COURTIER. Superb! Superb! Your Majesty is the greatest poet in the world, and the very gods must envy you!

DIONYSIUS (*pleased and flattered*). I thought it was fairly good. Now give the poem to Philoxenus there. Being a poet himself, he will appreciate good poetry.

(*The poem is handed to Philoxenus, who reads it silently. He looks grave, but does not speak. Dionysius frowns.*)

How now, Philoxenus! Speak! I command you!

PHILOXENUS (*handing him the scroll, with a deep bow*). O Dionysius, you are a great ruler, but your poem fails in many ways. In fact, it is not a poem.

[*The Courtiers jump with surprise.*]

DIONYSIUS (*angrily*). What do you say, sir?

PHILOXENUS (*firmly*). I say your poem is so bad that it cannot be called a poem.

DIONYSIUS. Slave! You dare — you dare to say that!

PHILOXENUS. I dare to speak the truth.

DIONYSIUS. Ho, guards! Here, away with him to prison! Away with him! Away!

(*Philoxenus is taken away. Dionysius speaks aside.*)

Can it be that he spoke the truth? I wonder — I wonder — (*Aloud.*) My friends, I have another and far better poem in my head. I will write it now, that you may read it. Ho, guards!

(*The Guards bring scrolls and writing utensils. Dionysius sits at a table and writes. There is a long pause. The Courtiers watch him, not daring to move or whisper.*)

There! It is finished! I think it even better than the other. (*He speaks aside.*) I wonder what Philoxenus would say to this — I wonder — I wonder —

(*He reflects for a moment, then turns to a Guard.*)

Go, free Philoxenus, and bring him here to me.

(*The Guard bows and goes. Dionysius turns to the Courtiers.*)

Read this poem, my friends, and tell me what you think of it.

[*He hands the poem to the First Courtier. The others crowd around him; all read silently.*]

ALL. Magnificent! Magnificent!

[*Dionysius nods, looking greatly pleased. Enter the Guard with Philoxenus.*]

"I DARE TO SPEAK THE TRUTH"

DIONYSIUS. Philoxenus, I have just written another poem. Read it and give me your opinion.

[*Philoxenus takes the poem and reads. He shrugs his shoulders, and hands it back to Dionysius. He then turns to his Guard.*]

PHILOXENUS. Take me back to prison!

[*The Courtiers jump with surprise. Dionysius frowns, then smiles, then laughs aloud.*]

DIONYSIUS. Ha, ha, ha! I like your honesty and your boldness! By Heracles, I like it! You are free! Come, there is my hand, and my friendship with it! One such honest critic is worth a hundred flattering courtiers!

THE WHITE CANOE

INDIAN CHIEF.	FOURTH YOUNG BRAVE.
SENECA, HIS DAUGHTER.	FIRST OLDER BRAVE.
MEDICINE-MAN.	SECOND OLDER BRAVE.
FIRST MAIDEN.	THIRD OLDER BRAVE.
SECOND MAIDEN.	FIRST WOMAN.
THIRD MAIDEN.	SECOND WOMAN.
FOURTH MAIDEN.	THIRD WOMAN.
FIRST YOUNG BRAVE.	FOURTH WOMAN.
SECOND YOUNG BRAVE.	FIFTH WOMAN.
THIRD YOUNG BRAVE.	SIXTH WOMAN.

BRAVES, WOMEN, AND MAIDENS.

SCENE I

TIME: *in the days of Indian rule.*
PLACE: *forest bordering on Niagara Falls.*

[*Enter* SENECA *and many* INDIAN MAIDENS.]

SENECA. It seems to me the roar increases. Listen, Maidens, listen!

FIRST MAIDEN. It is deeper than before!

ALL. Aye! Aye!

SECOND MAIDEN. All through the summer it has deepened!

THIRD MAIDEN. And grown angrier!

FOURTH MAIDEN. Can the Spirit of the Waters be displeased with us?

SENECA. Displeased? How could that be?

FOURTH MAIDEN. The Medicine-Man has said so.

SENECA. Displeased with mortals who are threatened with starvation! I think the Spirit mourns for us. 'T is His wailing that we hear.

FIRST MAIDEN. Or a warning of the famine that is coming daily nearer.

FOURTH MAIDEN. And yet, the Medicine-Man says the Spirit is displeased with us.

SECOND MAIDEN. Long ago our people thought that and made a sacrifice.

THIRD MAIDEN. Aye, they sent a maiden over the Falls, in a flower-trimmed white canoe.

SENECA. It pleases me that that was long ago, for the chiefest maiden of the tribe was sent, and I am the Sachem's daughter.

FOURTH MAIDEN. If such were the custom now, would you be afraid, Seneca?

SENECA. Yes — I fear those swirling waters. The Spirit crushes quickly there.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

SENECA. My father would not give me up — he would not send me down to death! He loves me far too dearly.

[*An Indian drum is heard off.*]

THIRD MAIDEN. 'T is the Medicine-Man! He calls the braves to council! They come this way! So, Maidens, we must go!

[*They go. Enter the* CHIEF, MEDICINE-MAN, *and* BRAVES. *They sit.*]

MEDICINE-MAN. Shall I speak, great Chief?

CHIEF. Speak, Medicine-Man! Speak, Prophet!

MEDICINE-MAN. Warriors, brothers, it is meet that I should speak of the dreaded thing that now comes swiftly stalking toward us—famine. There is dearth of fish and venison; there is blight upon our maize; and everywhere, throughout the land, there is want, grim want and death.

[*He pauses.*]

BRAVES. Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. Think of our former years of plenty! Think of them, warriors, and remember those were the years of sacrifice.

[*He pauses.*]

BRAVES (*murmuring*). Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. Then we obeyed the custom of our fathers. Then we appeased the wrathful Spirit of the Falling Waters with the Maiden-Sacrifice. And so all went well with us. The Spirit gave us blossoming fields, and herds of deer, and fish.

[*He pauses.*]

BRAVES (*murmuring*). Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. Listen, warriors! Last night, in the silence of the black hours, the Spirit of the Waters came! Do you hear? The Spirit came to me — to me!

CHIEF. It spoke?

MEDICINE-MAN. Aye, great Sachem, and in tones of thunder warned me to prepare His sacrifice!

BRAVES. Sacrifice!

MEDICINE-MAN. Aye, His sacrifice! The Maiden in the white canoe! The Spirit thundered wrathful words to you, for Him so long forgetting. He threatened famine and the plague, as your just punishment! So, warriors, will you starve, or will you make the ancient sacrifice?

FIRST YOUNG BRAVE. Do you remember that 't is Seneca who must be the Maid — the Sachem's only daughter?

MEDICINE-MAN. Aye, 't is Seneca!

[*All look at the Chief, who sits in stony silence.*]

SECOND YOUNG BRAVE. What have we to do with sacrifice! Let it remain in the bloody past!

ALL YOUNG BRAVES. Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. 'T is not for the young to seal this question! 'T is for the older braves and Chief! Listen to the Spirit muttering! Do you hear His angry roar? Warriors, warriors, are you willing? Shall it be the sacrifice? Speak! Speak!

[*Pause.*]

FIRST OLDER BRAVE. Our fathers made this sacrifice, and kept the famine from the land.

SECOND OLDER BRAVE. Starvation must be saved us, e'en though it be by sacrifice.

THIRD OLDER BRAVE. What is the life of one to the death of all our people!

ALL OLDER BRAVES. Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. Speak, great Sachem! Your brave heart has never faltered; has never fear or weakness shown. Speak, great Sachem, speak!

[*There is a long silence.*]

CHIEF (*rising*). It is well — we will make the sacrifice!

SCENE II

TIME: *the same day.*

PLACE: *the Sachem's wigwam.*

[SENECA *is seen in the wigwam making a reed basket. The* MAIDENS *surround her.*]

SENECA (*merrily*). 'T is a new pattern! Look! I am making this in secret, Maidens. I will present it to my father.

[*Enter the* CHIEF.]

CHIEF (*sternly*). Maidens, depart.

[*The Maidens go.*]

SENECA. Why so stern, my father? Has aught gone wrong in the council?

[*Pause.*]

CHIEF. The Spirit of the Waters must have His sacrifice. You are the Maid — prepare!

SENECA. Father!

CHIEF. Prepare! The sacrifice will be made to-night.

SENECA. Father! Save me! Save me!

CHIEF. Nay, 't is for the welfare of your people.

SENECA. And I must die?

CHIEF. Yes.

SENECA. You will be alone! Who will greet you when you come into the wigwam? Who will care for you in your old age?

CHIEF. Speak not of those things. Go, dress as for your bridal day.

SENECA. Father, I cannot! I fear those black waters! Like great serpents they hiss and writhe and foam! I dare not go down alone among them! I dare not! I dare not!

CHIEF. Do not let me, a Sachem, see such weakness and such fear! Where is your shame? Where your pride — your courage?

SENECA. There — I will be calm.

CHIEF. Remember you are a Sachem's daughter. Remember the honor of my name. Go — prepare.

SENECA. I will remember — I go — I will prepare.

[*She goes slowly. Pause. The Chief remains for a moment upright, then totters, and sobs aloud.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *evening of same day.*
PLACE: *same as Scene I.*

[*Many* INDIANS *are seen looking out into the distance.*]

FIRST WOMAN. Hear the Spirit's cry of fury!

SECOND WOMAN. Hear Him lash Himself in anger!

THIRD WOMAN. See the foam His lashing stirs up!

FOURTH WOMAN. Those black whirlpools are His footprints!

FIFTH WOMAN. Those fierce eddies are His fingers!

SIXTH WOMAN. He rages like some awful monster!

MEDICINE-MAN. Aye! Rages for His sacrifice!

ALL. Aye! Aye!

[*Enter the* YOUNG BRAVES, *sad and with bowed heads.*]

MEDICINE-MAN. Is the white canoe now ready? Speak!

FIRST YOUNG BRAVE. It is ready.

MEDICINE-MAN. And carried to the water's edge?

SECOND YOUNG BRAVE. And carried to the water's edge.

THIRD YOUNG BRAVE. Frail it is — as frail as egg-shell!

FOURTH YOUNG BRAVE. And like a shell it will be crushed by that cruel Spirit there!

MEDICINE-MAN. 'T is the sacrifice demanded! We can do naught but obey.

(*Enter the* MAIDENS, *sad and with bowed heads.*)

Has the canoe been trimmed and laden with the first-fruits and the flowers?

FIRST MAIDEN. Aye, that was our sad duty.

SECOND MAIDEN. Why would that not be enough — without our Seneca?

MAIDENS. Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. 'T is the sacrifice demanded! We can do naught but obey.

OLDER BRAVES. Aye! Aye!

THIRD MAIDEN. Look! Look out upon the waters! Do you see? 'T is the white canoe — and Seneca!

ALL. 'T is Seneca — Seneca!

FOURTH MAIDEN. See how she kneels among the flowers! Her hands are clasped — she prays!

ALL MAIDENS (*throwing flowers into river*). Seneca! Seneca!

"SEE HOW SHE KNEELS AMONG THE FLOWERS"

YOUNG BRAVES. Seneca! Seneca!

MEDICINE-MAN. Be silent! She must meet her doom, fearless and undismayed.

[*Pause. The Maidens weep.*]

FIRST YOUNG BRAVE. Look! Another canoe shoots out now from the mainland!

MEDICINE-MAN. What is this! Why, 't is the Sachem!

ALL. The Sachem! The Sachem!

FIRST OLDER BRAVE. He urges his boat into the current!

SECOND OLDER BRAVE. He is mad, braves, mad!

FIRST WOMAN. No, not mad! He goes out to save his daughter!

SECOND WOMAN. See! His canoe nears hers — they strike!

THIRD WOMAN. Look! He throws away his paddle!

FOURTH WOMAN. He flings his arm around the maid!

MEDICINE-MAN. They 've reached the Falls! 'T is death to both! 'T is the Spirit's sacrifice!

ALL. 'T is the Spirit's sacrifice!

WILLIAM TELL

William Tell.	First Soldier.
Walter, his Son.	Second Soldier.
Hedwig, his Wife.	Third Soldier.
First Friend.	Fourth Soldier.
Second Friend.	Fifth Soldier.
Third Friend.	Sixth Soldier.
Gessler.	Drummer.

Soldiers and People.

SCENE I

Time: *when Gessler ruled over Switzerland.*
Place: *Tell's home in the mountains of Switzerland.*

[Tell *and* Hedwig *stand in the door of their cottage, watching* Walter, *who is shooting at a mark with arrows.*]

Walter. Now, father, look!

[*He shoots, hitting the mark, but not in the centre.*]

Tell. 'T was not exact. Try again.

(*Walter shoots, hitting the mark in centre.*)

Good! Good!

Walter. I'd like to be such a marksman as you are, father.

TELL. Then you must never miss the centre. Go on with your practice, Walter.

[*Walter continues to shoot.*]

HEDWIG. He uses the bow early!

TELL. He must, to be master of it.

HEDWIG. Master! I would he did not learn at all! So soon as he feels his skill, so soon will he leave home to prove it.

TELL. Will the chamois come here to be aimed at?

HEDWIG. 'T is enough that you go forth to hunt, up in those frozen mountains. I tremble with fear from the time you leave this door. I know how you leap from cliff to cliff, with naught but the jagged ice below! Every one tells me of your daring.

TELL. Do they tell you of my poor marksmanship?

HEDWIG. How could they? You have no equal with the bow. That 's known the country through.

TELL. 'T is my bow has made me fearless.

HEDWIG. Go not to hunt! Then there will be no dangers to brave.

TELL. I 'm not so sure of that, Hedwig. There may be those who may soon hunt me.

HEDWIG. What do you mean?

TELL. I have offended the Viceroy!

HEDWIG. You have offended Gessler?

TELL. Deeply.

HEDWIG. Tell me how it happened! Quick!

TELL. Yesterday I stopped at Altdorf. You knew that?

HEDWIG. Yes, yes! Go on!

TELL. I was leaving when I saw Gessler coming. Rather than bow to him, I turned a corner, but I was too late.

HEDWIG. He had seen you?

TELL. Yes, I heard him ask a guard my name.

HEDWIG. And was told?

TELL. By bad luck, the guard chanced to know me.

HEDWIG. He will never forgive you!

TELL. The tyrant forgives no one who will not bow before him.

HEDWIG. Perhaps you should not have turned the corner.

TELL. And met him face to face?

HEDWIG. It might have been better.

TELL. It would have been worse. Do you think I would take off my hat to any tyrant?

HEDWIG. No! You were right to turn away! Else, you would now be in prison.

TELL. He only waits his chance to put me there.

HEDWIG. Then go not again to Altdorf!

TELL. I must be there again this day. 'T is a matter of business, Hedwig.

HEDWIG. Tell! Tell! Stay here!

TELL. I have given my promise.

HEDWIG. Then you must go.

TELL. When I am away, 't is Walter who, by and by, must defend our home.

HEDWIG. I understand now why Walter must become a master.

[*Tell takes up his bow and arrows.*]

WALTER. Father, do you go to hunt?

TELL. No, to Altdorf. Will you go?

WALTER. I would, but mother does not like me to leave home.

HEDWIG. She will keep you at home no longer. You must go forth now, as does your father. This day you shall begin! Quick! Get your arrows, son!

[*Walter goes.*]

TELL. You are brave, my Hedwig!

HEDWIG. Who knows when the lad himself may meet that tyrant? He must be ready.

TELL. I'll not take him to Altdorf this time. I'll let him go to his grandfather's.

HEDWIG. That will give him a taste of the mountains alone.

TELL. He will journey with me for an hour. Then our ways part.

[*Enter* WALTER, *with arrows.*]

WALTER. I am ready, father. Good-bye, mother!

HEDWIG. Good-bye, my son! Good-bye, Tell!

[*They start down the mountain, waving back to Hedwig.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *an hour later.*

PLACE: *in the mountains.*

[TELL *and* WALTER *come singly along the narrow pass.*]

TELL. Soon we part, Walter, you to grandfather's, I to Altdorf.

WALTER. I know what grandfather will ask me the first thing!

TELL. What?

WALTER. If I have met any strangers.

TELL. Strangers?

WALTER. He always asks me that. And then he tells me what to say to them.

TELL. And what is that?

WALTER. Nothing.

TELL. That's easily done.

WALTER. Grandfather says it is n't easy, though. He says that strangers sometimes will ask questions, in spite of everything.

TELL. What kind of questions?

WALTER. Questions about you, father — your name and where you live.

TELL. Ah!

WALTER. And grandfather says that I must never tell any one where you are, nor who you are, nor who I am.

TELL. Grandfather is right, my son.

WALTER. But that seems a queer thing, father.

TELL. It is a sad thing, Walter. It is all because of this Gessler, this Viceroy. Listen, and I will tell what you needs must, sooner or later, know. This Gessler hates us Swiss.

WALTER. Hates his own people!

TELL. He is not of Switzerland, my son. He was sent here by the emperor to rule over us.

WALTER. But why does he hate us?

TELL. Because he is trying to make slaves of us, and he finds the task a hard one.

WALTER. Is he the stranger grandfather fears?

TELL. Yes, my lad, and I pray you may never meet him! Now we must part. Your way lies upward. Do you remember the turn to the left?

WALTER. Aye, father! I could go upward to grandfather's or downward to Altdorf with my eyes shut.

TELL. Be careful of your footing!

WALTER (*going*). I 'll be careful, father. Good-bye!

[*He goes.*]

WALTER BIDDING HIS FATHER GOOD-BYE

TELL (*calling*). Mind your footing, lad!

WALTER (*off*). Aye, father!

[*Tell begins the descent to Altdorf.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *a half hour later.*

PLACE: *in the mountains.*

[WALTER *picks his way upward.* GESSLER *comes down toward him.*]

GESSLER. Stop, boy! Can you show me the way to Altdorf?

WALTER. Take that pass to the right, and downward, sir.

GESSLER. Are you certain?

WALTER. I have been there often with my father.

GESSLER. Then you shall guide me down.

WALTER. I must go upward, sir.

GESSLER. You 'll guide me down to Altdorf, and at once! I am the Viceroy.

WALTER. I 'll do my best, my lord.

GESSLER. What is your name, boy?

WALTER. Walter.

GESSLER. What is your father's name?

WALTER. I cannot say.

GESSLER. Ah! Then your father must be an enemy of mine.

WALTER. No, no!

GESSLER. Then tell me his name.

WALTER. I cannot.

GESSLER. You dare to disobey me?

WALTER. Yes, my lord.

GESSLER. You shall go to prison, then! Do you hear that, boy?

WALTER. Yes, my lord.

GESSLER. Then speak! His name, I say!

WALTER. I 'll go to prison, sir.

GESSLER. Well, you shall. And you 'll stay there till you tell me what I ask.

WALTER. I 'll never tell you!

GESSLER. We 'll see about that! Now lead on to Altdorf!

(*Walter goes.*)

They are all like that — these Swiss! Well, I 'll bend them yet! I 'll bend them or I 'll break them!

[*He follows Walter.*]

SCENE IV

TIME: *one hour later.*

PLACE: *Altdorf — an open square.*

[TELL *talks with three* FRIENDS.]

TELL. Well, then, the matter is settled. I must return at once.

FIRST FRIEND. I would you could stay longer, Tell. There are other things than business.

TELL. Do you mean Gessler?

SECOND FRIEND. Be careful, man! Speak not that name aloud!

TELL. What new has happened?

THIRD FRIEND. Not a day passes that the tyrant does not put some of us to shame!

FIRST FRIEND. We are no longer free men!

[*A drum is heard.*]

SECOND FRIEND (*looking off*). Gessler's soldiers!

TELL (*looking*). They carry a cap on a pole! What does that mean?

THIRD FRIEND. 'T is Gessler's cap! I know it well.

FIRST FRIEND. The people bow to it as if it were Gessler himself.

TELL. They are made to do it! See how the soldiers threaten them!

SECOND FRIEND. See how he humbles a free people!

THIRD FRIEND. Soon it will be our turn to bow to an empty cap!

TELL. I will not bow to that tyrant's cap! I'll go!

FIRST FRIEND. It is too late, Tell!

[*Enter the* DRUMMER *and* SOLDIERS, *who carry*

a cap on a pole. A crowd of MEN, WOMEN, *and* CHILDREN *follow.*]

SECOND FRIEND. Let's turn our backs as if we did not see them. We 'll then walk slowly away.

[*They start from square. The Soldiers stop.*]

FIRST SOLDIER (*calling*). Honor this cap! You must honor it as if it were the Viceroy himself! Bow to it, all of you! 'T is the Viceroy's command!

[*The People bow to the cap.*]

SECOND SOLDIER. Yonder go Swiss men who have not bowed!

THIRD SOLDIER. 'T is Tell, the one who turned the corner from us yesterday!

FOURTH SOLDIER. The very man! You saw how it angered Gessler?

SOLDIERS. Aye!

FIFTH SOLDIER. It would please Gessler could we make him bow to the cap.

SIXTH SOLDIER. Aye, for since yesterday he has hated Tell!

FIRST SOLDIER. We 'll cross the square and meet him face to face!

SOLDIERS. Aye! Aye!

[*They cross the square; meet Tell and Friends.*]

FIRST SOLDIER. Honor the cap! 'T is the Viceroy's command!

(*Tell and Friends do not move. Pause.*)

Once again, I bid you bow to the cap! 'T is the Viceroy's command!

[*Tell and Friends turn to go.*]

SECOND SOLDIER. To prison with him!

[*Soldiers start to seize Tell. Enter* GESSLER *with* WALTER.]

GESSLER. What is this?

FIRST SOLDIER. He would not honor your cap, sir!

[*Walter sees his father. He turns pale, but utters no sound.*]

GESSLER. You would not salute me yesterday, eh? To prison with him! No — stop!

(*He looks from Tell to Walter and from Walter to Tell.*)

Is that boy yours, Tell?

(*Silence.*)

Again, I ask — Is that boy yours?

(*Silence. Gessler turns to Walter.*)

Is this man your father?

(*Silence.*)

Speak, my lad, and you 'll go free.

(*Silence.*)

Speak, I say!

(*Silence.*)

Well, I know a way to break your spirit! Tell, I hear you are a master with the bow. You shall

prove your skill to me. You shall shoot an apple from this lad's head.

TELL. What do you say? From his head?

GESSLER. Yes! And now!

(*To Soldiers.*)

An apple — quick!

TELL. No, no! I'll speak! The boy is my own!

GESSLER. I knew it! There is the same spirit in you both.

TELL. You knew it, you say?

GESSLER. Why, yes!

TELL. You knew it, and asked me to shoot at my own child?

GESSLER. Will you shoot?

TELL. No! A thousand times, no!

GESSLER. Then your child shall go to prison.

TELL. Rather let me die!

GESSLER. Shoot the apple from his head, and you'll both go free. Refuse, and you'll both go to prison.

(*To Soldiers.*)

Bind the boy to yonder tree!

WALTER. No, you shall not bind me! I will be still — I will not move.

GESSLER. Place the apple upon his head! Tell, take your distance — eighty paces.

(*Tell takes his place; he is trembling.*)

Now!

[*Tell bends his bow, and fixes an arrow with shaking hands. He levels the bow; lets it fall.*]

TELL. I cannot! I cannot! Call your soldiers, Gessler. Let them strike me down!

GESSLER. I want only the shot! I've set my heart upon it!

WALTER. Shoot, father! I'm not afraid!

TELL. You're not afraid, boy? Say that again!

WALTER. Do you think I fear an arrow from your hand? Quick, father! Show him your skill!

TELL. It must be.

(*He takes long, careful aim and shoots, hitting the apple. Is overcome; can scarcely stand.*)

Is the boy alive? I cannot see! My boy, my boy! Where are you?

WALTER (*running to him*). Here, father!

TELL (*embracing Walter*). My boy — my boy!

WALTER. I knew you would not harm me, father!

GESSLER. It was a master shot, and I'll keep my word. You both are free.

PETER THE GREAT'S SCHOOL

PETER.	SECOND NOBLE.
PRINCESS SOPHIA, HIS HALF SISTER.	THIRD NOBLE.
GENERAL MENESIUS, HIS TUTOR.	TUTOR IN MATHEMATICS.
GENERAL OF THE GUARDS.	TUTOR IN HISTORY.
GRAND DUKE.	TUTOR IN FRENCH.
FIRST NOBLE.	TUTOR IN DRAWING.
	COURT LADIES.
	SCHOOL-BOYS.

GUARD.

SCENE I

TIME: 1688.

PLACE: *Moscow, Russia; a room in the royal palace.*

[PRINCESS SOPHIA *is seen entering; she is excited and angry.* THE GENERAL OF THE GUARDS *follows her.*]

SOPHIA. Did you see how pleased they were, General?

GENERAL. Yes, Princess. They expressed their pleasure openly.

SOPHIA. Oh, if only they had not taken it into their heads to visit Peter's schoolroom!

GENERAL. It is an unfortunate thing for us and our plans, Princess.

SOPHIA. A half-hour ago they were praising me. Now 't is all for Peter!

GENERAL. His memory astonished them. There was no question he could not answer, no problem he could not work, and all so readily, I myself confess to astonishment.

SOPHIA. Well, he has won over the Grand Duke and the nobles.

GENERAL. Completely, Princess. In fact, I overheard the Grand Duke say that Peter should be made ruler at once.

SOPHIA. You heard that!

GENERAL. Yes, Princess.

SOPHIA. They dare not make him ruler while my brother John lives! He is the rightful emperor!

GENERAL. But there is grumbling everywhere because John is allowed to rule. 'T is well known that he is sick and has no mind.

SOPHIA. 'T is also well known that I am the real ruler of Russia. Do they mean to end my regency? Speak plainly, General. Tell me the reports you have heard.

GENERAL. The nobles chafe against your power, Princess. They say it is against the law for a woman to rule over Russia, even as regent, and even though her own brother is rightful emperor.

SOPHIA. True, but against that law I have ob-

tained that power, and I shall not lose what I have won! Nay, I'll have more power and glory! I will have the throne! I will be crowned Empress of all Russia!

GENERAL. In spite of laws and custom?

SOPHIA. In spite of everything! The battle is half won now. You must support me, General. I'll give you power second only to mine, when once I am Empress.

GENERAL. My support you have and will have, Princess.

SOPHIA. And the nobles I would have, were Peter in disfavor. Oh, that they had never visited that schoolroom! Are they still there, General?

GENERAL (*looking off*). They are just leaving now. They are coming here, your Highness.

[*Sophia sits, trying to compose herself. Enter the* GRAND DUKE *and* NOBLES, *all greatly pleased.*]

GRAND DUKE. Your Highness may well be proud of a brother like Prince Peter there.

SOPHIA. Ah — yes — yes — to be sure.

FIRST NOBLE. What a mind the boy has! 'T is marvellous!

SECOND NOBLE. His memory is wonderful!

THIRD NOBLE. He will make a great ruler, your Highness.

SOPHIA. Ah — no doubt — if it should ever come

to that. But I have hopes of my brother John's recovery.

GRAND DUKE. You deceive yourself in that, Princess. He cannot live much longer, and I believe that Peter should be allowed to rule as soon as he is old enough. (*Going.*) With your permission, Princess.

[*All bow and go.*]

SOPHIA. It shall never be! As I live, it shall never be! Go bid the tutor come.

[*The General goes. Sophia walks up and down excitedly. Soon the* GENERAL *returns with the* TUTOR, GENERAL MENESIUS, *and* PETER, *a boy of seventeen, strong, manly, and intelligent.*]

PETER. Did I do well, sister? Were you pleased with me?

SOPHIA (*coldly*). Your tutor had no doubt told you what to say, and had well rehearsed your answers.

TUTOR. No, your Highness. Open the books at any place I will, he knows the lesson.

SOPHIA. Peter, you may go.

(*Peter bows and goes. Sophia turns to the Tutor.*)

I am not pleased with you, sir.

TUTOR. Your Highness! I have been most conscientious in my duties.

SOPHIA. It is unnecessary to remain so.

TUTOR. I—I do not understand, your Highness.

SOPHIA. It is not my wish that Peter should know so much about books.

TUTOR. He loves them, Princess. They are his meat and drink.

SOPHIA. You must persuade him to give them up — to spend his time in hunting.

TUTOR. He hunts often, your Highness, and every day takes much exercise.

SOPHIA. It is my command that Peter grow up without this learning that you give him. Now then, do you understand?

(*Silence; pause.*)

Well?

TUTOR. I will not do a thing so wicked!

SOPHIA. You will not!

TUTOR. No, I will not!

SOPHIA. To prison with him, General!

TUTOR. Madam, I am a Scotchman. You dare not touch my person.

SOPHIA. I banish you from Russia! You must leave the palace instantly! Send a guard with him, General. See that he speaks with no one, either in the palace or out of it.

GENERAL. Yes, your Highness.

SOPHIA (*to Tutor*). Peter's tutors shall be of my choosing from now on. There shall be no more such

displays of knowledge. Go! And stop not for leave-takings with your pupil. Go!

[*The Tutor goes, accompanied by the General.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *one year later.*

PLACE: *a palace near Moscow; Peter's school.*

[*The courtyard of the palace is seen, with a* GUARD *at the gates.* PRINCESS SOPHIA *enters. She is accompanied by three* COURT LADIES *and the* GENERAL OF THE GUARDS.]

SOPHIA (*to Guard*). Have the Grand Duke and nobles arrived?

GUARD. No, your Highness.

SOPHIA. Go bid the tutors come.

(*The Guard salutes and goes.*)

Are you sure they mean to come to-day, General?

GENERAL. My informant said to-day, and at this time.

SOPHIA. Well, they will not be so well pleased as they were with their last visit to Peter's school.

[*Enter four* TUTORS, *all weak-looking creatures.*]

TUTORS (*bowing humbly*). Your Highness; General.

SOPHIA. Tell me in one word how things are going here.

FIRST TUTOR. Your orders have been obeyed, your Highness. We call our classes scarce once a month.

SOPHIA. How do you encourage the Prince to spend his time?

SECOND TUTOR. In idleness, your Highness.

SOPHIA. Do the other boys complain of aught?

THIRD TUTOR. No, your Highness; they follow him in everything.

SOPHIA. Do you drill them or teach them military science?

ALL TUTORS. Oh, no!

SOPHIA. Very good! You may go.

(*The Tutors bow and retire to the further end of the courtyard. Sophia turns to the General.*)

You see, my plan has worked. The nobles will find Peter but an idler and a blockhead.

[*Enter the* GRAND DUKE *and* NOBLES. *They bow to the Princess.*]

GRAND DUKE. Ah, I did not know your Highness was here.

SOPHIA. My interest in Peter led me hither.

FIRST NOBLE. This school was planned by your Highness, I believe.

PRINCESS. Yes, Count, and the sons of nobles are allowed to come without charge for books or teachers.

SECOND NOBLE. Your Highness is generous.

THIRD NOBLE. The boys are fortunate to have Prince Peter for a brother pupil. He will spur them on — will be a leader of them all!

NOBLES. Yes! Yes!

SOPHIA. He is their leader, Count, but a leader in idleness and neglect of every duty.

GRAND DUKE. What is this?

SOPHIA. The tutors have just reported to me, and it is my duty to tell you all, though 't is with shame I speak. Peter will not study and allows no one else to do so. He is unruly; defies his tutors, and mistreats these noble pupils. He will not drill, and forbids it to the others. He has become, in fact, an idler, a bully, and a dullard.

GRAND DUKE. Now I am sorry to hear this. There never was a boy that gave a fairer promise.

FIRST NOBLE. This matter grieves me greatly. I had thought that in Peter we should have a learned and wise emperor.

SECOND NOBLE. 'T will be a disappointment to all Russia.

THIRD NOBLE. There is no use in visiting the classes now. I, for one, have heard enough to sadden the heart of any patriot. Shall we go?

GRAND DUKE. One moment, gentlemen. From what we have learned here to-day, we should be

slow to make Prince Peter the sole monarch of Russia.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

GENERAL. Then I propose that we crown the Princess Sophia. Her Highness has been most faithful to Prince John. Death will soon take that brother from her. Shall we deprive her of the throne she has protected so carefully and with such great wisdom?

GRAND DUKE. The ancient laws of Russia forbid our throne to women; but I am so disappointed in Prince Peter, that I, for one, am willing to consider your suggestion. What say you, gentlemen?

[*Sophia listens anxiously. Suddenly, sharp military commands are heard off, with the sound of marching. Enter* PETER *in uniform; he is at the head of a battalion of* SCHOOL-BOYS *in uniform. He does not see the visitors, who go to one side.*]

PETER. Battalion, halt! Present arms! Right shoulder arms! Left shoulder arms! Order arms!

(*He consults a slip of paper.*)

I have made out the classes for to-day as follows: Company A, you will recite now in mathematics to me. The tutor in mathematics does not know how to work the problems.

(*He looks scornfully at the First Tutor, who trembles.*)

Stack arms, Company A! Study!

(*Each member of Company A takes a book from his knapsack and studies.*)

Company B, attention! In one hour from now you will recite history to me. The history tutor, as you know, knows nothing but his A, B, C's.

(*He looks scornfully at the Second Tutor, who trembles.*)

Stack arms, Company B! Study!

(*Each member of Company B takes a book from his knapsack and studies.*)

Company C, attention! In two hours from now you will have French with me. The French tutor knows not a word of French, and sickens when he hears it.

(*He looks scornfully at the Third Tutor, who trembles.*)

Stack arms, Company C! Study!

(*Each member of Company C takes a book from his knapsack and studies. Pause. Peter consults his paper.*)

Attention all! After lunch, promptly at one, all will come to me for map and fortress drawing. Your tutor in drawing tells me he never drew in all his life.

(*He looks at the Fourth Tutor, who trembles.*)

From two to three, I will lecture on military tac-

tics. You will then prepare for dress parade. At half-past three, I will inspect your uniforms and arms. At four, I will review you. From five to six, you are free to rest. From seven to nine, you will prepare, in your own rooms, your lessons for to-morrow. That is all. Study!

(*The boys study furiously.*)

Tutors, go play croquet, then dine on dainties like cream-puffs. Go! I cannot bear the sight of you!

[*The Tutors slink away. The Nobles rush down upon Peter and embrace him.*]

GRAND DUKE. Peter!

NOBLES. Peter! Peter!

GRAND DUKE. Those lying tutors deceived you, Princess. Peter an idler! He is the busiest boy in Russia!

NOBLES. Aye! Aye!

GRAND DUKE. Let us make Peter our emperor, nobles! Let us crown him at once — without delay!

NOBLES. Aye! Aye!

GRAND DUKE. Three cheers for Peter the Great, boys!

NOBLES AND BOYS. Hurrah for Peter the Great! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE SANDALWOOD BOX

PEDRO GIL, A WATER-CARRIER.	SERVANT.
THE SEÑORA, HIS WIFE.	FIRST NEIGHBOR.
MOOR.	SECOND NEIGHBOR.
MAYOR.	THIRD NEIGHBOR.
BARBER.	FOURTH NEIGHBOR.
	OTHER NEIGHBORS.

SCENE I

TIME: *many years after the Spanish drove the Moors from Granada; one evening.*

PLACE: *Granada, Spain; Pedro Gil's hovel.*

[*The living-room is seen.* PEDRO *enters and lifts a large water-jar to his shoulder. The* SEÑORA *enters from a back room.*]

SEÑORA. Where do you go, Pedro?

PEDRO. To the well for water, wife.

SEÑORA. Ah, but you must take me to the barber's party.

PEDRO. I 'm sorry, wife, but one more trip means one more silver piece.

SEÑORA. But I have set my heart on going to the party!

PEDRO. To show them your new scarf?

SEÑORA. To be sure!

PEDRO. Well, I must carry water to pay for it.

SEÑORA. Not a carrier goes up to the well at night! Come, take me to the party!

PEDRO. I cannot, wife.

SEÑORA. May the owls fly into your eyes! May the bats get into your hair!

[*She enters the back room; knocking is heard at street door.*]

PEDRO. Enter!

[*Enter a feeble old man, a* MOOR.]

MOOR. I seek lodging for the night, sir!

[*He staggers and is caught by Pedro.*]

PEDRO. You are ill, stranger! Do you live in Granada?

MOOR. There is no place I may lay my head, and no friend I can call upon.

PEDRO. Then you shall sleep here in my poor hovel, sir.

MOOR. I'll pay you well.

PEDRO. Pay! I want no pay. 'T is only right that I should help you. You may rest in this other room, sir.

[*He leads the Moor to the back room. The* SEÑORA *opens the door and stands in it.*]

SEÑORA. So this is the way you carry water!

PEDRO. The Moor is a stranger here —

SEÑORA. You have no time for strangers! You must go to the well for water!

PEDRO. The Moor is ill. He must sleep here. Come, let us enter.

SEÑORA. You had no time for the party to-night—

PEDRO. Let us enter! Let us enter!

[*The* SEÑORA *obeys reluctantly. Pedro leads the Moor into the room. The* BARBER *enters from street.*]

BARBER. Ah, Señora, we miss you at the party!

SEÑORA. Pedro would not take me, Barber, but would go off and bring a stranger back with him.

BARBER. A stranger, you say?

SEÑORA. A Moor, old and ill and poor.

BARBER. Ah, but these Moors are never poor! They have money buried everywhere. I'd like to have a peep at him.

SEÑORA. This way, Barber, this way!

(*They peep into the back room.*)

Pedro has given him our best mat to lie upon!

BARBER. But look you what the Moor gives Pedro! A box of sandalwood! And 't is a jewel-box!

SEÑORA. Jewels! I'll get them at once!

BARBER. No, no! Wait till the Moor is asleep.

SEÑORA. That might be better. Ah, what fine things I shall have now, Barber! I'll have dresses made of silk and satin! Scarfs of lace I'll have, and

bracelets, earrings, necklaces, and brooches. I must go and tell the neighbors.

BARBER. They 'll like to hear, I 'm sure.

(*She goes.*)

I must get my hand in this jewel-box! But how to do it — how to do it —

(*Reflects; looks out door.*)

Here comes the Mayor! Aha! Now I know the way to do it! (*Calling.*) Your Honor! Will your Honor please to step this way?

[*Enter the* MAYOR *and his* SERVANT. *The Mayor is proud and haughty.*]

BARBER. Your Honor! May a poor barber dare to speak with you?

MAYOR. What is it you would say?

BARBER. There are strange doings here to-night, sir!

MAYOR. Pooh! Pooh! Don't bother me with such things!

BARBER. A stranger has been robbed, sir!

MAYOR (*going*). Pooh! Pooh!

BARBER. I saw the box of jewels, sir!

MAYOR (*stopping*). Jewels? Now this must be seen to! Come, tell me all you know.

BARBER. I must have my share of the jewels!

MAYOR. To be sure. Speak!

BARBER. Pedro Gil, who lives in this very house,

has taken a box of jewels from a Moor. The robbed Moor lies in there, sir! And Pedro Gil stands over him!

MAYOR. Aha! (*To Servant.*) Go bring this Pedro out to me.

(*The Servant enters the back room.*)

So you saw the jewels, Barber?

BARBER. Oh, yes, your Honor!

[*The* SERVANT *returns, dragging* PEDRO.]

MAYOR. Pedro Gil, deny nothing! I know all! You are guilty!

PEDRO. Of what am I accused, your Honor?

MAYOR. You have robbed a Moor of jewels.

PEDRO. I am innocent, your Honor!

MAYOR. Deny nothing! I know all! Come, give me the jewels!

PEDRO. There are no jewels, sir! The Moor himself can tell you that! He lies in there asleep.

MAYOR (*to Servant*). Go and bring this Moor.

[*Servant goes; returns at once.*]

SERVANT. There's no Moor there, your Honor.

PEDRO. Not there?

MAYOR. What have you done with this stranger, Pedro Gil? Answer me in the name of the law!

PEDRO. I left him there, asleep and ill, your Honor! And there is no other door or window than these your Honor sees!

MAYOR (*looking into room*). There's no one here!

(*To Servant.*)

Bring me that jewel-box.

[*Servant goes.*]

PEDRO. Where can the Moor be? I cannot understand this!

(SERVANT *comes with box. Enter the* SEÑORA *and* NEIGHBORS *from street.*)

The Moor gave me the box — I have not looked within it yet.

MAYOR (*seizing box*). In the name of the law, I claim these jewels!

BARBER. Your Honor promised me a share!

MAYOR. Your share may be to look at them.

(*He opens the box.*)

What is this?

(*Takes out a parchment scroll; flings it down.*)

You told me there were jewels!

[*Takes out a candle; flings it down.*]

BARBER. And that is all?

MAYOR (*flinging down box*). Now hark, the next time you come to me with tales of robbery, Moors, and jewels, I'll have you flogged!

[*He goes, followed by his Servant.*]

SEÑORA (*to Barber*). Meddler! Busybody! Tattler!

[*The Barber goes, running.*]

FIRST NEIGHBOR. And so you 'll wear golden bracelets, Señora? Ha, ha!

SECOND NEIGHBOR. And finger-rings and ear-rings! Ha, ha!

THIRD NEIGHBOR. And necklaces and brooches! Ha, ha!

FOURTH NEIGHBOR. And chains of pearls and diamonds! Ha, ha!

OTHER NEIGHBORS. Ha, ha!

SEÑORA. Begone, all of you! Begone, I say!

(*The Neighbors go, laughing.*)

See what shame your Moor has brought us! I did not want you to take him in!

PEDRO. He was old and ill —

SEÑORA. Not so ill but that he could run away!

PEDRO. Now that is very strange. I wonder where he is.

SEÑORA (*scornfully*). Perhaps your scroll will tell you.

PEDRO. I can't think why he gave me this.

(*He looks at the scroll.*)

What is this?

[*He reads scroll eagerly.*]

SEÑORA. What do you read?

PEDRO. Treasure! Treasure!

SEÑORA. Have you lost your senses?

PEDRO. Listen, my love; this scroll tells me how

"HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES?"

to get great treasure — treasure buried by the Moors in a tower of the Alhambra.

[*He pauses; studies the scroll.*]

SEÑORA. Go on! Go on!

PEDRO. And it is mine by right of the kindness I showed the Moor. The scroll says so!

SEÑORA. Ah, my Pedro! My good Pedro! Go quickly and get this treasure!

PEDRO (*consulting scroll*). The candle must be burned before a wall of rock at midnight. The rock will then open and the treasure will be mine.

SEÑORA. Here is the candle. It lacks not much of midnight now! Go, dear Pedro, go!

PEDRO (*going*). Now hark, my love, not a word of this to any one!

SEÑORA. Not a word, dear Pedro!

PEDRO. Remember!

SEÑORA. Not a word! Not a whisper even!

[*Pedro goes with candle and scroll.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *after midnight same evening.*

PLACE: *same as Scene I.*

[*The* SEÑORA *is seen waiting anxiously. A candle is burning on the table. A church bell rings once.*]

SEÑORA. There! 'T is a half hour after midnight!

(*Pause. Enter* PEDRO, *closing door carefully.*)

Did you find it? Was the treasure really there? Did the candle open the rock? Tell me quickly! I cannot wait!

PEDRO (*taking jewelry from pockets*). There, and there, and there!

SEÑORA (*seizing jewelry*). The Saints be praised!

PEDRO. The vault holds a great chest of gold, and vases full of pearls and diamonds!

SEÑORA. Ah, Pedro! Good Pedro! Dear Pedro! How much I love you! Here, take this bag and go for more!

PEDRO (*taking bag*). Let no one see this treasure, wife.

SEÑORA. No one, Pedro! No one!

(*Pedro goes. The Señora puts on bracelets, chains, brooches, rings, etc.*)

Dear me! Dear me! How grand I have become!

(*Laughing is heard off.*)

They are coming from the party! Ah, if they could only see me now! Surely it will not hurt if they but get a peep!

[*She opens the door a little and then walks proudly up and down. The* BARBER *peeps in.*]

BARBER (*aside*). Aha! I 'll call the Mayor!

[*He goes. A* NEIGHBOR *peeps in.*]

FIRST NEIGHBOR (*aside*). Come, look!

[*Other* NEIGHBORS *peep in.*]

ALL (*aside*). Mercy on us!

SECOND NEIGHBOR (*aside*). Bracelets!

THIRD NEIGHBOR (*aside*). Chains!

FOURTH NEIGHBOR (*aside*). Rings!

[*Enter the* MAYOR, *the* BARBER, *and* NEIGHBORS.]

MAYOR. Aha! Aha!

SEÑORA (*trying to remove the jewelry*). Your Honor!

[*Enter* PEDRO *with a sack which is filled to bursting.*]

MAYOR. Aha! I have you now!

(*Looks into sack.*)

Full of gold as I live! (*To Neighbors.*) Go to your homes and beds! This matter does not concern you. Go! Go!

(*The Neighbors go, reluctantly.*)

Now, then, Pedro Gil, whence came this treasure?

PEDRO. From a vault under one of the Alhambra towers.

MAYOR. Is there more of it? Speak!

PEDRO. More than both of us could carry.

MAYOR. I claim it all, in the name of the law!

BARBER. Your Honor promised me a share.

MAYOR. In the name of the law, I break that promise!

BARBER. Your Honor —

MAYOR. Silence! Approach, Señora!

(*He takes jewelry from her; puts all into his pockets.*)

This bag of gold I'll send for later. Now, Pedro Gil, in the name of the law, I bid you lead me to this treasure! Barber, go on before and get three sacks.

(*The Barber goes.*)

Lead on, Pedro Gil!

[*They go.*]

SEÑORA. Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas!

SCENE III

TIME: *half an hour later.*

PLACE: *an Alhambra tower in a thick wood.*

[*A wall of rock is seen. Enter the* MAYOR, *the* BARBER, *and* PEDRO, *each with a sack.*]

PEDRO. This is the place, your Honor.

MAYOR. Come then, be quick!

[*Pedro lights the candle and stands before the rock; makes curious passes with candle, and holds scroll aloft.*]

PEDRO. Open — open — open!

[*A great noise is heard; there is darkness; the light shows the opened rock with a dark vault back. In the vault are vases and a great chest.*]

MAYOR *and* BARBER (*trembling*). Enchantment! Enchantment!

MAYOR. Go fill the sacks, you two! I 'll wait here.

BARBER. I must stay with you, to protect you, sir!

MAYOR. I think I should not stay alone. Pedro Gil, enter the vault and fill your sack.

(*Pedro enters vault; fills sack; comes out.*)

Ah, such treasure! Such treasure! And 't is mine, all mine!

PEDRO. May I not keep one pearl or gold piece?

MAYOR. Not one pearl! Not one gold piece!

BARBER. I must have my share!

MAYOR. I claim it all, in the name of the law! Pedro Gil, enter the vault and fill another sack.

PEDRO. The scroll says no man shall take more than enough. I must not enter the vault again.

MAYOR. 'T is not enough till I 've got all of it!

PEDRO. This is enough; and enough is enough.

MAYOR. Go, I say! Go!

PEDRO. I will not go!

MAYOR. I 'll give you one gold piece.

PEDRO. I will not go!

MAYOR. I 'll send you to prison, sir!

PEDRO. I will take no more than the Moor has given me.

MAYOR. You shall be punished for this, sir! Barber, take the sack and fill it.

BARBER (*trembling*). Oh, your Honor! I must guard you, your Honor!

MAYOR. Go and fill the sack, I say!

BARBER. I'll go in with you, sir.

MAYOR. Then come.

[*They enter the vault. The* MOOR *rises from behind the chest.*]

BARBER. The Moor! The Moor!

[*They turn to flee.*]

MOOR. Remain!

(*He makes passes.*)

Now motionless stand — motionless — motionless!

BARBER. I cannot move! Let me go, Moor!

MAYOR. Let me go, Moor! I pray you let me go!

MOOR. Stand where you are and as you are, without the power to move or speak till the sin of greed goes from your hearts! And so thus do I enchant you!

(*He makes passes.*)

Now when your sinful greed has gone — be it a month, or year, or century — I shall return and disenchant you.

(*He comes from the vault; takes the candle from the amazed Pedro, and moves it up and down.*)

Close! Close! Close!

(*There is a great noise and darkness. The light shows the rock closed. The Moor turns to Pedro.*)

You took me in, a stranger and ill. You gave to the poor, though poor yourself. Your heart is full of pity, not greed. So I am glad to reward you, Pedro Gil, I am glad to reward you. This filled sack is yours, as is the other at your home. Go now with my blessing.

(*He lifts his hand. Pedro bows his head.*)

May Heaven protect and guide you!

[*The Moor disappears. Pedro shows surprise, looks about for a moment, then goes with the treasure.*]

BERNARD PALISSY,[1] ENAMELLER TO HIS MAJESTY

BERNARD PALISSY.	PAGE.
VICTORINE, HIS WIFE.	FIRST POTTER.
THE COUNTESS.	SECOND POTTER.
THE KING.	THIRD POTTER.
LOLOTTE.	FOURTH POTTER.
MARGUERITE.	FIFTH POTTER.
FIRST GREAT-AUNT.	SIXTH POTTER.
SECOND GREAT-AUNT.	SEVENTH POTTER.
THIRD GREAT-AUNT.	OTHER POTTERS.

SCENE I

TIME: *a morning in 1533.*
PLACE: *Saintes, France; Palissy's cottage.*

[*The living-room is seen, bare and poor. Many earthen jars and pots are about.* BERNARD PALISSY *sits at the table, drawing. He is a handsome young man, bright and kind-hearted. His wife* VICTORINE *enters. She wears a ragged red dress.*]

VICTORINE. Bernard, will you look at my dress?

PALISSY (*drawing*). Presently, my dear Victorine.

VICTORINE. What are you drawing?

[1] Pä-lē-sē'.

PALISSY. Why, what am I always drawing? Designs for my pottery, Victorine.

[*Pause. Palissy draws as before.*]

VICTORINE. Bernard, I must have a new dress! I have turned this one three times. I cannot turn it again — I really cannot!

PALISSY (*drawing*). No, of course not. There! I have finished! Look, Victorine! Is that not pretty? It will make a graceful vessel, and —

VICTORINE. Come, come! Let us speak of a new dress!

PALISSY. What is that? A new dress, you say? A new dress you shall have, my dear, and to-day, at that! I have a little money ahead now. What do you say to a grass green?

VICTORINE. Oh, I think green would become me!

[*A knock is heard at the street door.*]

PALISSY. Enter!

[*Enter a* PAGE *in livery.*]

PAGE. The Lady Countess, Master Palissy!

VICTORINE. The Lady Countess!

[*The Page holds the door open. Enter the* COUNTESS. *All bow to her.*]

COUNTESS. I have heard much of your skill as a potter, Master Palissy, and I have come to test it.

PALISSY. I thank your ladyship.

COUNTESS (*taking a cup from a box*). Here is a

"WHAT IS THAT? A NEW DRESS, YOU SAY?"

rare and costly cup just sent me from Italy, and broken, as you see, in the sending. There is no potter I would trust it to but you.

PALISSY (*taking cup*). It is exquisite — exquisite!

COUNTESS. It is enamelled.

PALISSY. Look, Victorine! Is it not wonderful?

VICTORINE. I did not know any potter could make more than earthen pots.

COUNTESS. And indeed they cannot here in France. The art of enamelling is a secret, madame.

PALISSY. 'T is a pity we do not know it here!

COUNTESS. Yes, but you never will, for the Italians guard it with jealousy. You will be most careful with it, Master Palissy?

PALISSY. Yes, Countess, and I myself will bring it to your castle when I have it mended.

COUNTESS (*going*). 'T is well. I wish you good day, madame. Good day, master.

[*The Countess goes, followed by the Page. Palissy looks long and lovingly at the cup; at last he puts it on the table.*]

PALISSY. Victorine, I am quite certain that a new green gown would not become you half so much as this old red one. Could you not turn it again?

VICTORINE. Bernard!

PALISSY. I should like to spend that money on myself, Madame Victorine.

VICTORINE. Bernard Palissy! That is not like you!

PALISSY. Nay, but listen! Suppose that I should discover the secret of making enamel?

VICTORINE. You!

PALISSY. Why not? It would bring me fame and fortune, Victorine. You could have three green gowns, ride in a carriage, and have your pockets full of money.

VICTORINE. Ah, that is fine! How soon will you discover it?

PALISSY. Well, that I cannot say. But the sooner I begin, the sooner I shall know the secret. I am thinking now of certain powders that mixed might make enamel.

VICTORINE. Why, then, go buy them! Why do you hesitate?

PALISSY. It will take my last cent, Victorine.

VICTORINE. Oh, but you will make it again, and much, much more besides.

PALISSY. But in the mean time, there will be no money coming in; it will all be going out.

VICTORINE. How you borrow trouble! Go, Bernard, go at once!

PALISSY (*going*). Well, I hope it will be for the best.

[*He goes. Victorine runs to the window and calls.*]

VICTORINE. Cousins! Great-Aunts! Come! I have news!

[*Pause. Enter the* COUSINS LOLOTTE *and* MARGUERITE, *running.*]

COUSINS. News, Victorine?

[*Enter the* GREAT-AUNTS, *running.*]

AUNTS. News, Victorine?

VICTORINE. Why, 't is this — Bernard means to discover a great secret! Listen! Instead of making these ugly earthen potsherds, Bernard means to make cups like this. Do you see?

ALL. Beautiful!

VICTORINE. And we shall soon be very rich.

ALL. How soon?

VICTORINE. Oh, in a few days! And you shall all have new gowns of whatever color you wish.

ALL. Dear Victorine!

[*Enter* PALISSY *with several tiny packages.*]

VICTORINE. I have told our aunts and cousins, Bernard! It has made them all so happy!

ALL. So happy!

PALISSY. It might have been better to have kept it a secret — but never mind. Well, here are my drugs. The chemist almost refused to sell them. Poor potters did not buy such things, he said.

[*He empties the powders into a mortar and begins to grind and pound them together.*]

VICTORINE (*aside to relatives*). Just think, in a few hours, Bernard will know the secret! and then we shall be rich—so rich! And you shall have everything you want, dear relatives, everything!

RELATIVES. Dear Victorine!

SCENE II

TIME: *five years later, one afternoon.*
PLACE: *same as Scene I.*

[VICTORINE, *still wearing her ragged red dress, is seen talking with her* COUSINS.]

VICTORINE. Do you think I can turn my skirt again, cousins?

LOLOTTE. I am afraid not—you have turned it so often.

VICTORINE. Five times!

MARGUERITE. Perhaps you can turn the sides to the front this time.

VICTORINE. Well, whichever way, it is the last turning. Listen! Bernard is making his potsherds again.

LOLOTTE. Has he really given up at last?

VICTORINE. To be sure. There was not a cent in the house, and I was sick of nothing but failures, and told him so quite plainly.

COUSINS. Of course!

VICTORINE. So he gave it up to please me. For three months now I have not heard a word of it.

[*The sound of grinding and pounding is heard off. All start.*]

COUSINS. Aha!

VICTORINE. He is at it again!

(*She runs to door of furnace-room.*)

Bernard! Bernard! What are you doing?

(*Enter* PALISSY.)

Bernard! Are you trying for the enamel again?

PALISSY. Yes, Victorine.

[*Enter the three* GREAT-AUNTS.]

FIRST AUNT. We heard the grinding.

SECOND AUNT. And the pounding.

THIRD AUNT. Are you at it again, Bernard?

PALISSY. I cannot give it up! Besides, I am sure I shall succeed this time.

VICTORINE. That's what you've said these last five years!

AUNTS *and* COUSINS. Aye!

PALISSY. Ah, but, dear relatives, I am such a poor fellow with no knowledge at all of science. All I can do is to try first this mixture and then that.

VICTORINE. Why must you try at all?

AUNTS *and* COUSINS. Aye!

PALISSY. I know not why — I only know I must. There's something in me that compels me to go on.

VICTORINE. Go on, indeed! And with no curtains at the windows!

PALISSY. We can do without.

VICTORINE. There 's not a neighbor who has not a chest of drawers!

PALISSY. Then we 'll be different!

FIRST AUNT. Bernard, the whole town laughed at you before!

PALISSY. And may laugh at me again.

SECOND AUNT. You are on a wild goose chase, Bernard. All the potters say so.

THIRD AUNT. Besides, it is not for the poor to discover great secrets. That is for the rich, the titled, and high-born.

PALISSY. Nay, aunt, it is for any man who will not give up in spite of jeers and failures. Have patience with me just a little longer, dear relatives. Have patience, Victorine.

[*He goes to the furnace-room and is heard grinding and pounding.*]

VICTORINE. You see — in spite of all I can say, too!

[*Knocking is heard at the street door. All peep out.*]

ALL. Potters!

VICTORINE. Bernard! Here are all the potters of Saintes!

[*Enter several* POTTERS. *Enter* PALISSY.]

FIRST POTTER. The chemist told us you meant to try again, Bernard!

PALISSY. I do.

POTTERS. Ha, ha, ha!

SECOND POTTER. You foolish fellow! Have n't you been trying for full five years this month?

PALISSY. Yes, but there was always a good reason for every failure.

THIRD POTTER. That 's what he always says!

POTTERS. Ha, ha, ha!

FOURTH POTTER. Sometimes he says he bakes it too much!

FIFTH POTTER. Sometimes he says he bakes it too little!

SIXTH POTTER. Sometimes he says he has not mixed his powders enough!

SEVENTH POTTER. And sometimes he says he has mixed them too much!

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

VICTORINE. There now, Bernard! You see what every one thinks of you!

PALISSY. Let them laugh! I mean to discover the secret.

FIRST POTTER. To-day, too! Ha, ha!

PALISSY. Yes, perhaps to-day. It is time to open my oven now. Stay and you shall see!

[*He goes to the furnace-room.*]

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Pause.*]

VICTORINE. Come, Bernard, we are waiting!

(*Pause.*)

Bernard! Bernard! We wait, I say!

[*Pause. Enter* PALISSY.]

ALL. Well?

PALISSY. 'T was a failure. The mixture did not melt; the oven was not hot enough.

SECOND POTTER. Perhaps it will be too hot next time!

POTTERS. Ha, ha, ha!

THIRD POTTER. You'd better stick to earthen pots, as we do, Palissy!

POTTERS (*going*). Ha, ha, ha!

[*They go, laughing.*]

LOLOTTE (*peeping out*). They go to the inn across the street.

VICTORINE. Go join them, Bernard, and be one of them.

PALISSY. I will not give up now. I failed this time because I did not have wood enough to heat my oven properly. I must bake this again — at once! Could you not give me fagots, Victorine?

VICTORINE. Not a fagot!

PALISSY. Victorine! I beg you!

VICTORINE. Not one!

PALISSY. Dear aunts, may I not borrow some from you?

AUNTS. Not one!

[*They go.*]

PALISSY. Cousins, I beg for just one armful!

COUSINS. Not one!

[*They go.*]

PALISSY. Victorine! What am I to do? I have not one cent to buy more wood.

VICTORINE. And I'll not give you one! No, nor loan you one! I'm sick of your enamel! Go and be a common potter like the others there.

PALISSY. My fire will go out! My oven will get cold! It will be months before I can get enough money to buy more drugs!

VICTORINE. That is nothing to me.

PALISSY. Then I shall help myself!

[*He throws the chairs into the furnace-room.*]

VICTORINE. What! You'd burn my chairs! You shall not! You shall not!

PALISSY. I must, Victorine, I must!

[*He seizes an ax and begins to tear up the floor.*]

VICTORINE. Stop! Stop, I tell you!

PALISSY. Out of my way!

VICTORINE (*calling at door*). Potters! Come! Help! Help!

(*Enter the* POTTERS.)

Seize him! He is mad!

POTTERS (*starting forward*). Aye! Aye!

PALISSY (*flourishing ax*). Do not dare to touch me! I am master here! Now out of this house! Out, I say! Out! Out!

[*The Potters go quickly. Palissy again begins to tear up the floor.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *three hours later; evening.*
PLACE: *the same.*

[*The room is vacant. There is knocking at the street door. Pause. The knocking is repeated. Pause. Enter the* PAGE.]

PAGE. There is no one here, Countess.

[*Enter the* COUNTESS.]

COUNTESS. Perhaps he is in his furnace-room.

PAGE (*looking*). Ah, there he is — watching his oven! Why, he is crying, Countess!

COUNTESS. Poor fellow! Go tell him I am here.

(*The Page goes into the furnace-room.*)

Poor fellow! Poor, brave artist!

[*Enter* PALISSY *and the* PAGE.]

PALISSY. Welcome to my poor home, Countess!

COUNTESS. I am happy to be welcomed by you, Master Palissy.

PALISSY. I — I do not understand —

COUNTESS. You are a great man, master, though you do not yourself suspect it.

PALISSY. Countess!

COUNTESS. Ah, but I know your ambition. You do not give up. That always shows the great man. And now, Master Palissy, I have good news. I have told the King about you.

PALISSY. The King!

COUNTESS. His Majesty was interested at once; he said he should like enamelling in all his palaces, and bids you come to court as soon as you have the secret.

PALISSY. I? I — to court? I never dreamed of such an honor!

COUNTESS. The King is at my castle now. I hope you will find the secret while he is visiting here.

PALISSY. I am making a trial to-day — my oven must be opened now. Will your ladyship wait?

COUNTESS. Nay, I will go with you.

[*They go to the furnace-room. The Page waits. Pause. Enter the* KING. *The Page springs to his feet and bows.*]

PAGE. Your Majesty!

KING. Where is this potter? I would know more of this work of his.

PAGE. He has gone to open his oven, Sire.

KING. 'T will be a great thing for France should

he discover this secret. I am most concerned about it. Show me the way to the oven, Page.

[*The King and the Page go into the furnace-room. Enter* VICTORINE, *the* COUSINS, *and the* GREAT-AUNTS *from the street.*]

VICTORINE. Do you really think I should do it?

FIRST AUNT. It is not much to do!

SECOND AUNT. You have only to get the water.

THIRD AUNT. And pour it on his fire.

COUSINS. Whether he will or no!

VICTORINE. Well, I will do it. I will put an end to this enamel, now — at once!

(*She gets water and opens the door to the furnace-room; jumps back, showing surprise.*)

Look! The King and the countess! See how they take Bernard's hands! What can it mean?

[*Enter* PALISSY, *who carries an enamelled cup.*]

PALISSY. I have it! I have it, Victorine! 'T is the white enamel! Do you see, Victorine? Do you see, cousins? Do you see, great-aunts? Is it not beautiful?

VICTORINE. Well! Well!

AUNTS *and* COUSINS. Well! Well!

[*Enter the* KING, *the* COUNTESS, *and the* PAGE.]

KING. Your discovery is for the glory of France, Master Palissy. Your honors shall begin at once. I herewith appoint you "Enameller to his Majesty."

PALISSY. Sire! I have no words to thank you.

KING. Your work is exquisite! See, Countess, how life-like is that crawfish on the handle! The colorings are perfect.

COUNTESS. Master Palissy is a great artist.

KING. The greatest in France to-day! What decorations in enamel would you propose for my palace, master? Come, tell me your ideas.

[*The King, the Countess, and Palissy talk together aside.*]

VICTORINE. And Bernard such a simple fellow! I cannot understand it!

AUNTS *and* COUSINS. Nor I! Nor I!

KING. All France shall honor you, Master Palissy! Your art is her art, your glory her glory. And you shall live to see it, master! You shall live to see it!

THE KEYS OF CALAIS[1]

SCENE I

TIME: *an August day*, 1347.

PLACE: *the seashore near the English camp, and not far from the walls of Calais, France.*

KING EDWARD.	FIRST LADY.
QUEEN PHILIPPA.	SECOND LADY.
SIR WALTER MAUNY.	THIRD LADY.
A KNIGHT.	FOURTH LADY.
FIRST GENERAL.	FIFTH LADY.
SECOND GENERAL.	SIXTH LADY.
THIRD GENERAL.	PAGE.

LADIES, COURTIERS, KNIGHTS, SOLDIERS.

[KNIGHTS *are seen arranging a double throne in a silken pavilion. Enter* SIR WALTER MAUNY.]

SIR WALTER. Are things arranged? The double throne — is it prepared?

A KNIGHT. All is prepared and ready, Sir Walter.

SIR WALTER. The King will await Queen Philippa here. In fact, his Majesty is now coming.

[*Enter a* PAGE.]

PAGE. Gentlemen, the King!

[1] Kā-lā'.

[*Enter* KING EDWARD, *with his* GENERALS *and other* OFFICERS. *All bow, as he seats himself on his throne.*]

KING. General, the entire army must salute the Queen. Go, prepare them for it.

(*The* FIRST GENERAL *salutes and goes. The King turns to Sir Walter.*)

Sir Walter, I confess to be most anxious. This unexpected voyage of the Queen's — I fear it means trouble in England.

SIR WALTER. It may be the Queen comes only to visit you, Sire. Remember, 't is now almost a year since we set sail from England.

KING. And what cannot have happened in this long year! England may be now in the hands of foes, and Queen Philippa may be fleeing.

SIR WALTER. But your royal flags fly from the ship's mast. 'T would not be so were the Queen fleeing.

SECOND GENERAL. It seems that way to me, Sire.

THE OTHERS. And to me! And to me!

KING. I hope it may be so, but our bad luck here in France makes all things look most sombre.

SECOND GENERAL. Calais cannot hold out much longer, your Majesty.

KING. So we have thought, and so we have said these many months now, General.

SECOND GENERAL. But their provisions must be now quite gone.

THIRD GENERAL. And we have cut them off from fresh supplies.

KING. They should have surrendered long ago. Think what their stubbornness has cost me! I've spent a fortune on this siege!

SIR WALTER. The keys of Calais will soon be yours; on that you can depend, Sire.

THE OTHERS. Aye! Aye!

KING. And then I'll punish their stubbornness! When that day comes, I'll punish them well. They will find their delay has cost them dear!

[*Enter the* FIRST GENERAL *hurriedly.*]

FIRST GENERAL. The Queen's ship has anchored! The Queen has appeared!

[*A salute is given by the army off. This is followed by cheer upon cheer. Enter* QUEEN PHILIPPA *with her* LADIES, *and attended by* SOLDIERS.]

ALL. The Queen! The Queen!

[*All bow, as the King hastens to meet the Queen, and seats her upon the throne.*]

QUEEN. Greetings, good friends! Greetings!

KING. My greetings would hold more happiness, Philippa, did I not fear that sorrow brought you here.

QUEEN. Sorrow? My purpose was to visit you in camp, Sire.

KING. Then you do not flee from England? Enemies have not arisen there? Speak, Philippa!

QUEEN. All England is at peace to-day, but 'twas not so till lately.

KING. Why, what is this?

QUEEN. Your ships had scarcely landed here with your picked men and generals, when King David, with all his troops, came rushing down from Scotland.

KING. I feared that! Alas for England! Alas for my poor people! Conquered and enslaved are they to-day — no longer an English nation! Alas! Alas!

[*Courtiers and Officers talk among themselves with confused murmurs of dismay.*]

KING. How did you escape King David's wrath? What friendly hand gave you shelter? Speak, Philippa, speak!

QUEEN. Well, to speak you plain, I found King David quite tractable.

KING. Why — what — I do not understand —

QUEEN. King David is my prisoner, Sire.

KING. Prisoner!

QUEEN. My prisoner. I raised an army and met the Scots — myself I led my soldiers.

KING. You, Philippa — you! Nay, I can hardly believe it!

QUEEN. I. Is it not true, my ladies?

LADIES. Aye! Aye!

FIRST LADY. 'T was wonderful the courage her Majesty displayed!

SECOND LADY. Like an angel of light, she led them!

THIRD LADY. Our soldiers all went wild with delight — delight in their brave leader!

FOURTH LADY. And this very delight did carry them on, and did make great warriors of them!

FIFTH LADY. They charged the Scots in fiercest onslaught!

SIXTH LADY. So fierce, the Scots ran from them!

KING. Ran from them! Bravo, my Queen!

QUEEN. And then my men pursued these Scots and took King David prisoner.

KING (*clapping his hands*). Bravo! Bravo!

COURTIERS, OFFICERS. Bravo! Bravo!

QUEEN. And prisoner he remains till you return to punish him, Sire.

KING. Nay, I will have naught to do with that. Yours the right to punish or free — yours the right, Philippa.

QUEEN. I thank you, Sire.

KING. And more — I shall grant herewith any desire or wish of yours. Speak, Philippa! Is there not something I can do for you?

QUEEN. I ask nothing for myself, Sire. England's happiness is my one wish.

KING. My loyal Philippa! Well, you may some day have a great wish, a favor you would ask me. When that day comes, remember this — I promise now to grant it — whate'er you ask, no matter what its magnitude — I promise now to grant it. You are witnesses, men of my court; you are witnesses, ladies. Our brave Queen shall have her great wish, for she has saved our England!

ALL. She has saved our England!

SCENE II

TIME: *the next day.*

PLACE: *Calais, France; the battlements.*

GOVERNOR OF CALAIS.	FIFTH CITIZEN.
FIRST CITIZEN.	SIXTH CITIZEN.
SECOND CITIZEN.	TRUMPETER.
THIRD CITIZEN.	PEOPLE OF CALAIS.
FOURTH CITIZEN.	SIR WALTER MAUNY.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

[*A bell rings. The* PEOPLE *come pouring in from all sides.*]

FIRST CITIZEN. 'T is the great town bell!

SECOND CITIZEN. The governor has called us!

PEOPLE. The governor has called us! The governor has called us!

[*The* GOVERNOR *enters.*]

ALL. The governor! The governor!

GOVERNOR. Citizens, I would speak to you.

(*He pauses; there is intense quiet.*)

For one year the English army have camped without our gates; for one year they have besieged us. You have held out bravely, men, in spite of suffering and hunger. But the end has come: starvation faces all of us. Citizens, we must surrender — there is no other way. What say you, citizens? Speak!

[*Pause.*]

THIRD CITIZEN. We must surrender. There is no other way.

PEOPLE (*sadly*). There is no other way.

GOVERNOR. Come then, trumpeter, mount the wall, and quickly give the signal.

(*The* TRUMPETER *mounts the battlements and blows his trumpet three times. The Governor then mounts and waves a white flag. Pause.*)

They come forth with their flag of truce! Open the gates, men, so they may enter freely.

[*The Governor and Trumpeter descend. The gates are opened. Enter* SIR WALTER MAUNY *and many* ENGLISH SOLDIERS.]

SIR WALTER. Governor of Calais, I salute you.

His Majesty has sent me to hear your terms of surrender.

GOVERNOR. Sir, we surrender on this condition: that the king be contented with taking the city, and permit my people to depart in peace.

SIR WALTER. Sir, the King is enraged that you have held out so long against him. Therefore, his Majesty declares that he will pardon your people only on this condition: that six of your chief citizens shall present themselves to him, carrying the keys of the city, and becoming absolutely his own to punish as he shall please.

GOVERNOR. Sir! That will mean death to six of our best men.

SIR WALTER. I fear it will, Sir Governor.

PEOPLE. Alas! Alas!

GOVERNOR. Let us starve together, citizens! Let us all die rather than that six should sacrifice themselves for us!

FIRST CITIZEN. It would be a pity to suffer so many to die of hunger if it could be prevented. I name myself as first of the six.

SECOND CITIZEN. I will be second to my comrade.

THIRD CITIZEN. I offer myself.

FOURTH CITIZEN. And I!

FIFTH CITIZEN. And I!

SIXTH CITIZEN. And I!

GOVERNOR. No, no!

PEOPLE. No, no!

FIRST CITIZEN. Come, comrades.

[*The Six Citizens join Sir Walter.*]

GOVERNOR. Do not go! I beg you!

PEOPLE. Do not go! Do not go!

SECOND CITIZEN. We must.

THIRD CITIZEN. 'T is for the safety of all of you.

PEOPLE. Alas! Alas!

SIR WALTER. We await the keys, Sir Governor.

GOVERNOR. My brave citizens! My brave citizens!

[*He gives them the town keys and turns away, weeping, as they go with the English.*]

PEOPLE. Alas! Alas!

SCENE III

TIME: *a few minutes later.*
PLACE: *the English camp; the King's tent.*

THE SIX CITIZENS.	SECOND KNIGHT.
KING EDWARD.	THIRD KNIGHT.
QUEEN PHILIPPA.	MANY OTHER KNIGHTS.
SIR WALTER MAUNY.	THE QUEEN'S LADIES.
FIRST KNIGHT.	SOLDIERS.

[KING EDWARD *sits on his throne.* QUEEN PHILIPPA *sits beside him, her* LADIES *back of her. Many* KNIGHTS *and* SOLDIERS *are seen. Enter* SIR WALTER MAUNY *with the* SIX CITIZENS.]

SIR WALTER. The six citizens of Calais, Sire — as your Majesty commanded.

FIRST CITIZEN. We present the keys of Calais, King Edward, and yield ourselves to your will.

[*The Six Citizens kneel before the King.*]

KING. You shall suffer for the stubbornness of your city, sirs, in holding out against me. You shall die — every one of you!

SIR WALTER. Sire, I must speak for these brave men. They offered themselves, and left Calais in spite of tears and pleadings.

FIRST KNIGHT. What is that you say? They were not compelled to come?

SIR WALTER. Not one of them! They came to save their people.

SECOND KNIGHT. 'T was a brave act!

ALL KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

SIR WALTER. Will you not pardon them, Sire?

KING. No! Ho there, guards! Bring in the headsman!

THIRD KNIGHT. Sire, I pray you for their pardon!

OTHER KNIGHTS. And I! And I! And I!

KING. I will not pardon them.

SIR WALTER. The death of these brave men will tarnish your own honor, Sire.

KING. I will not pardon them.

(*The* HEADSMAN *enters with his ax.*)

Here, headsman —

QUEEN (*kneeling before the King*). I beg you to be merciful, Sire!

KING. Philippa! You, too —

QUEEN. I pray you for their lives, Sire! I pray you! I pray you!

[*The King looks at her for a long time in silence.*]

KING. I cannot refuse you, Philippa. I give these men to you to do with as you please.

QUEEN. I thank you, Sire!

(*She rises.*)

Citizens of Calais, you are free, free to go back to the people your bravery has saved. Rise and go in peace.

PERSEPHONE[1]

CERES, GUARDIAN OF THE EARTH.
PERSEPHONE, HER DAUGHTER, GUARDIAN OF THE SPRING.
FLORIEL, SPRING'S SPIRIT MESSENGER.
PLUTO, KING OF THE LOWER WORLD.
ASCALAPHUS,[2] PLUTO'S IMP.
MERCURY, JUPITER'S MESSENGER.
CERES' ATTENDANTS.
PERSEPHONE'S MAIDS.
PLUTO'S COURT.

MORTALS.

AN OLD MAN.	OLD MEN.
AN OLD WOMAN.	OLD WOMEN.
A YOUTH.	YOUTHS.
A MAIDEN.	MAIDENS.

SCENE I

TIME: *when the world was young.*
PLACE: *Greece.*

[*A barren hilltop is seen. At one side is a bank covered with dead vines. Enter* MORTALS, — OLD MEN, OLD WOMEN, YOUTHS, *and* MAIDENS. *All show joy.*]

ALL. Ceres comes! Great Ceres comes!

[1] Per-sef'o-nē. [2] As-kal'a-fus.

AN OLD WOMAN. The great, the kindly goddess who fills the earth with plenty!

AN OLD MAN. Truly, Winter is past and Spring is near! For she comes to call Persephone, who will make green our barren pastures!

ALL. Aye! She comes to call Persephone! Her daughter! Her loved daughter!

(*Enter* CERES *and* ATTENDANTS.)

Hail, great Ceres, hail!

CERES. Greetings, mortals, greetings!

(*She lifts her arms.*)

Come, Persephone! Come, beloved daughter! Come with thy maids from over the seas! 'T is time to waken lifeless vineyards! 'T is time to waken barren fields! 'T is time for bud! 'T is time for blossom! So come now with thy magic Spring! Come, Persephone, come!

ATTENDANTS (*lifting arms*). Come, Persephone, come!

MORTALS (*lifting arms*). Come, Persephone, come!

[*Enter* FLORIEL *running, and bearing in her hand a palm-branch.*]

ALL. 'T is Floriel! Floriel!

FLORIEL. Yea, 't is I, Floriel, the messenger of Spring! Great Ceres, Persephone has heard thy voice and comes from over the seas. The flowers bloom

under her dancing feet; the grass grows in her footsteps!

ALL (*joyfully*). Blessings on thee, Floriel!

FLORIEL. See! Here she comes! Breezes soft her tresses blow! Her face with sunshine's all aglow!

ALL. Persephone doth come!

FLORIEL. Before her flit the birds all singing, and with her come her maidens, bringing joy to all mankind. Persephone is here!

ALL. Persephone is here!

(*Enter* PERSEPHONE *with her* MAIDS. *All carry flowers, branches, and vines. Persephone wears a bright green dress, with a gold crown and white veil over her flowing hair. Her Maids wear green and white dresses.*)

Hail, Persephone! Hail! All hail!

CERES. Daughter!

PERSEPHONE. Dearest mother, I am here!

[*Ceres and Persephone embrace.*]

PERSEPHONE'S MAIDS (*singing*).

When Springtime comes, with breezes blowing,
There 's brightest sunshine softly glowing;
Then turtle-doves begin to coo;
Then skies take on a brighter blue,
When Springtime comes, when Springtime comes.

CERES (*to Persephone*). Now thine the power to

awaken the buried seed of grain and flower! Thine the power to give to mortals hope and happiness complete!

PERSEPHONE. How gladly will I do thy bidding! 'T is a work that gives me joy. Tell me, mortals, how to please thee.

AN OLD WOMAN. Give our ewes fresh pastures green! 'T will mean wool for our spinning!

OLD WOMEN. Aye! 'T will mean wool for our spinning!

AN OLD MAN. Speed the growing of the grain, that our harvest day be soon!

OLD MEN. Aye! That our harvest day be soon!

A YOUTH. May our vines with grape be laden!

A MAIDEN. May our gardens bud and flower!

PERSEPHONE. I will give thee all thy wishes: pastures, harvests, gardens, vines! Quickly shall thy whole land blossom! And quickly, quickly shall it flower!

MORTALS (*going*). Blessings on thee, dear Persephone! Blessings! Blessings!

[*They go, rejoicing.*]

CERES. I can now depend on thee; so farewell, beloved daughter! Fare thee well, Persephone!

ATTENDANTS. Farewell, Persephone!

[*Ceres goes with her Attendants. Floriel goes, but in a different direction.*]

PERSEPHONE (*waving her wand*).

Soon shall the buds and flowers appear
On the branches cold and sere!
Soon shall the buried grain arise,
And wave its tassels to the skies!
Soon shall the birds in gladness sing,
And make the merry welkin ring!
Let all creation celebrate
This happy, happy Springtime fête!
(*She turns to her Maids.*)
Come, thou maids, with flower and vine!
Come, all, with garlands to entwine!

[*They dance, Persephone in the centre, wreathing their garlands in and out.*]

MAIDENS (*planting flowers and singing*).

When Springtime comes, with breezes blowing,
There 's brightest sunshine softly glowing;
Then turtle doves begin to coo —

[*Enter* FLORIEL, *frightened.*]

FLORIEL. Persephone! Maidens! Hear! King Pluto comes! Dreaded Pluto comes!

ALL. Pluto!

FLORIEL. Aye, Pluto! He was watching thee from yonder hill with his imp, Ascalaphus. I heard him say he ne'er had seen one worthier to be his queen.

PERSEPHONE (*with alarm*). His queen!

"COME, ALL, WITH GARLANDS TO ENTWINE!"

FLORIEL. Aye! I fear he means to take thee to his realm below!

PERSEPHONE. Whether I will or no?

FLORIEL. Whether thou wilt or no!

MAIDS. Alas! Alas!

FIRST MAID. He 'll drag thee down to shades forlorn!

SECOND MAID. To where sad spirits ever mourn!

THIRD MAID. He 'll drag thee where no bird e'er sings!

FOURTH MAID. Down, down to where no joy e'er springs!

FIRST MAID. Against his strength exert thy power!

PERSEPHONE (*sadly*). Alas! His strength is only less than Jupiter's! Come, we 'll fly! We 'll fly!

MAIDENS. Come! Come!

FLORIEL. Aye! Fly! Fly!

[*As they are running off, they are stopped by* PLUTO *and* ASCALAPHUS, *who enter. Ascalaphus carries Pluto's trident.*]

PLUTO. Greetings, fair Persephone! Greetings, beauteous maids!

PERSEPHONE (*trembling*). Greetings, great Pluto!

MAIDS (*trembling*). Greetings, King Pluto!

PLUTO. I saw thee dancing with thy maids. The sight was pretty and did please me.

PERSEPHONE. I thank thee, King Pluto.

PLUTO. So fair a sight should not be for upper earth alone. The lower world should have that pleasure.

PERSEPHONE. Of thy lower world I am no part.

PLUTO. Well, that should not be so. I ask thee now to be my queen.

PERSEPHONE. It cannot be — can never be! My mother Ceres needs me. I bring the Spring to her barren fields.

PLUTO. My realm is barren, too. I would have thee bring thy Springtime there.

PERSEPHONE. Nay! I cannot go, King Pluto!

PLUTO. But think what wealth I can bestow! Thine the silver, thine the gold, thine the gems that gleam and glow, and which in the earth are hidden! And power I 'll give thee, beauteous maid! For my great kingdom thou shalt rule with me; my spirits shall obey thee. My imp here shall be thy slave —

ASCALAPHUS. Aye, I 'll be thy slave, sweet and fair Persephone!

PLUTO. So come to my kingdom, dearest maid! Come with thy Springtime brightness!

PERSEPHONE. I thank thee, great king, but I cannot go. Nay, I will not go!

PLUTO (*seizing her*). Then force I 'll use!

ASCALAPHUS. Aye! Aye! Bring Spring below! We need her there!

PERSEPHONE (*struggling*). Free me! Free me!

MAIDS. Release Persephone! Release Persephone!

PLUTO. Silence, maids!

ASCALAPHUS. Aye! Silence!

PERSEPHONE. Mother, save me! Save me!

PLUTO. No one can save thee now! My trident, imp!

(*Ascalaphus gives the trident. Pluto whirls it rapidly.*)

Now open, earth! Open and show the lower world! Open! Open! Open!

[*He strikes the bank with his trident. It opens and Persephone is carried in by Pluto. Ascalaphus follows.*]

PERSEPHONE. Save me! Save me!

[*The Maids rush to the bank, which closes.*]

MAIDS (*weeping*). Alas! Persephone! Alas!

SCENE II

TIME: *three months later.*

PLACE: *Pluto's realm.*

[*A gloomy garden is seen, with a double throne at one side. Black-robed figures flit about silently. Enter* ASCALAPHUS, *running.*]

ASCALAPHUS (*calling*). Master! Master! I have news for thee! Master! Master!

[*Enter* PLUTO.]

PLUTO. News, ye say? Speak, Ascalaphus!

ASCALAPHUS. They are coming for our queen! They are coming now! They are almost here!

PLUTO. Well, let them come! The gate is locked and bolted. Has not Ceres been beating against it every day these last three months?

ASCALAPHUS. There's no lock can keep her out this time, master! Mercury doth guide her down to-day!

PLUTO. Mercury?

ASCALAPHUS. Aye, Mercury, sent by great Jupiter himself, with power to enter thy domain!

PLUTO. Why, this is serious! They'll carry her off before my eyes and I cannot prevent it!

ASCALAPHUS. But thou canst! There is a way!

PLUTO. Speak!

ASCALAPHUS. 'T is this: if the queen hath eaten of thy food, she must remain with thee.

PLUTO. Not a morsel hath she tasted! Thou knowest that full well!

ASCALAPHUS. I have not finished, master! Now only yesterday, I saw our Persephone look longingly at a pomegranate. She took it up and was about to eat; then put it down, but unwillingly and with much hesitation.

PLUTO. With pomegranates, then, I'll tempt her! Go, fetch them, quick, for see, Persephone comes!

(*Ascalaphus goes, running. Enter* PERSEPHONE *attended by torch-bearers, — black-robed figures. Persephone still wears her green dress, but is sad and dejected.*)

Come to thy throne, dear queen.

[*Pluto takes her hand and seats her on the throne, taking his place beside her. The black-robed figures gather about them. Enter* ASCALAPHUS *with a small basket filled with pomegranates.*]

ASCALAPHUS (*kneeling before the throne*). Pomegranates, master! Pomegranates, dewy, fresh, and sweet!

PLUTO. Eat, dear queen; they are for thee.

PERSEPHONE. I will not eat.

PLUTO. Just one — 't will give me great happiness.

PERSEPHONE. I will not eat whilst in thy realm.

PLUTO. Eat or thou wilt die of hunger.

PERSEPHONE. Well, then, I 'll die — I will not eat.

PLUTO. In time thou wilt change thy mind. Now I must with my court confer on matters of importance. (*Aside.*) Watch her, Ascalaphus.

[*Pluto talks aside with his court. Persephone takes up a pomegranate; smells it; puts it down; takes it up; hesitates; finally eats six pomegranate seeds.*]

ASCALAPHUS (*aside*). She ate, master! She ate!

[*A loud rattling is heard at the gate. Enter*

MERCURY, CERES, *and Persephone's* MAIDS. *Mercury carries a silver wand.*]

CERES. Daughter!

PERSEPHONE. Mother!

[*They embrace.*]

MAIDS. Persephone! Persephone!

CERES. Come, Persephone! We 'll leave at once!

PERSEPHONE. Yes, yes! At once!

[*They start off. Pluto stops them.*]

PLUTO. Nay, not so fast! Dost think I 'll let my Springtime go so easily?

CERES. Persephone is needed on the earth. There are no grains in any fields; there are no grapes in vineyards. Famine-stricken is the land, and daily my people mourn and wail, "Come, Persephone! Come, Persephone!"

MERCURY. Jupiter himself doth pity them and would restore their Spring.

PERSEPHONE. Then come, Mercury, come!

MERCURY. One moment — there is a condition —

PERSEPHONE. Condition!

MERCURY. A condition Jupiter hath decreed: — Persephone is free to leave if she hath not once eaten whilst here in this domain. 'T is for Persephone to speak. Hast thou eaten aught, dear queen?

CERES. Hast thou?

MAIDS. Hast thou?

PERSEPHONE. I ate nothing — nothing but some little seeds. And seeds cannot count.

PLUTO (*shaking his head*). I beg for thy opinion, Mercury.

[*Mercury reflects. Pause.*]

MERCURY. How many seeds didst thou eat?

PERSEPHONE. But six —

MERCURY. Then six months of every year thou must dwell here in Pluto's realm. The other six thou art free, and canst on earth remain.

CERES. Six months here! Here in this dark place — hidden away — forgotten!

MERCURY. It must be; great Jupiter himself hath so ordained.

CERES. Alas, alas, that thou art doomed for six long months to be entombed!

PERSEPHONE.

Nay, see the brighter side of things!
My hope shall give the slow hours wings.
And I shall here seek all that need
A cheering word or kindly deed,
And do whate'er I may.

MERCURY. Then farewell, Persephone!

CERES AND MAIDS (*embracing Persephone*).
Farewell, Persephone, farewell!

[*They go. The gate closes. Persephone sobs.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *three months later.*
PLACE: *same as Scene I.*

[CERES *and her* ATTENDANTS *wait in gloomy silence. Pause.*]

CERES. Mercury does not come — alas!

FIRST ATTENDANT. Perhaps 't is to-morrow —

CERES. No, to-day is the day of her freedom.

SECOND ATTENDANT. It may be he has gone for her.

CERES. There is the entrance to the lower world. See if the vines have been disturbed.

THIRD ATTENDANT. Nothing has been moved or touched.

FOURTH ATTENDANT. It may be that Jupiter has forgotten.

CERES. It may be — it may be.

[*Enter* MORTALS, — OLD MEN, OLD WOMEN, YOUTHS, *and* MAIDENS.]

AN OLD MAN. Mother Ceres, hear our prayers!

MORTALS. Hear our prayers! Oh, hear our prayers!

CERES. Speak, my children.

AN OLD WOMAN. The summer sun has risen thrice, yet still are barren our hills and vales.

A YOUTH. And naught but lifeless vines in vineyards!

A MAIDEN. And naught but lifeless seeds in fields!

AN OLD MAN. Famine threatens all the land!

AN OLD WOMAN. Starvation walks among us!

CERES (*lifting her arms*). Great Jupiter, hear our prayers! Hear and free Persephone!

MORTALS (*lifting arms*). Hear and free Persephone!

[*Enter* FLORIEL *and Persephone's* MAIDS.]

FLORIEL. Mercury comes! We saw him hastening through the clouds! See, he comes!

PERSEPHONE'S MAIDS. He comes! He comes!

[*Enter* MERCURY *swiftly.*]

ALL. Mercury! Mercury!

MERCURY. Jupiter has not forgotten thee. He sent me ere thy prayers were said. Now I go to the lower world! Now I shall free Persephone!

(*He runs to the bank which he strikes with his silver wand.*)

Open, lower world, to me! Open! Open! Open! 'T is Jupiter's command!

[*The bank opens; Mercury enters; the bank closes.*]

CERES. Persephone will soon be free!

A YOUTH. Alas! No offerings can we give her!

MORTALS. Alas! Alas!

CERES. Thy welcome will be joy enough!

ONE OF PERSEPHONE'S MAIDS. A wreath and garlands have we saved from our last festival!

CERES. Then place the wreath upon her head! Thy garlands weave about her.

FLORIEL (*who stands near the bank*). I hear a stirring among the vines! Some one comes from the lower world!

ALL (*joyfully*). 'T is Persephone! 'T is Persephone!

[*All wait, expectantly. Pause. The bank opens and* ASCALAPHUS *appears; he remains standing in the opening.*]

Thou!

ASCALAPHUS. I, Ascalaphus.

CERES. Something has happened to Persephone and thou art come to tell!

ASCALAPHUS. Much may have happened.

CERES. Hath she eaten again? Speak, imp, speak!

ASCALAPHUS. Master will find a way to keep her; of that I have no fear.

CERES. Maidens! Mortals! Do ye hear? Persephone may never come!

ALL. Alas! Alas! Alas!

AN OLD MAN. 'T will mean death to every one of us!

ALL. Alas! Alas! Alas!

[*Floriel creeps up, unseen by Ascalaphus, and peeps into the passage.*]

FLORIEL. Why, she comes! She comes!

[*All rush to the passage. Ascalaphus is pushed aside.*]

CERES. She comes with Mercury!

[PERSEPHONE *and* MERCURY *are seen hastening down the passage. Persephone wears her bright green dress, gold crown, and white veil.*]

ALL. Hail, Persephone! Hail, Persephone! Hail! All hail!

[*Enter* PERSEPHONE *and* MERCURY. *Ceres and Persephone embrace.*]

ASCALAPHUS. Alas! Thus passes our Spring away!

[*He weeps as he enters the passage, which closes behind him.*]

PERSEPHONE.

Greetings! Gladsome greetings, all!
In Pluto's world, I heard thy call.
Thy need is great, but greater still
Shall be thy joy when I fulfill
The promise, now begun.

Then bee and butterfly shall wing
From flower to flower; and birds shall sing

Their rapturous song as heavenward high
They soar; and balmy zephyrs softly sigh,
"Persephone hath come!"

[*Her Maids crown her and weave garlands about her.*]

PERSEPHONE'S MAIDS (*singing*).

When Springtime comes, with breezes blowing,
There 's brightest sunshine softly glowing;
Then turtle doves begin to coo;
Then skies take on a brighter blue,
When Springtime comes, when Springtime comes.

MORTALS (*singing*).

When Springtime comes, with breezes blowing,
There 's brightest sunshine softly glowing;
Then turtle doves begin to coo;
Then skies take on a brighter blue,
When Springtime comes, when Springtime comes.

HENRY HUDSON

HENRY HUDSON.	FRIEDA.
JOHN HUDSON.	GRETCHEN.
PHILIP STAFFE.	WILHELMINA.
HENRY GREEN.	INDIAN CHIEF.
FIRST DIRECTOR.	MEDICINE-MAN.
DIRECTORS.	FIRST BRAVE.
FIRST SAILOR.	SECOND BRAVE.
SECOND SAILOR.	FIRST SQUAW.
THIRD SAILOR.	SECOND SQUAW.
FOURTH SAILOR.	OTHER INDIANS.

SAILORS OF CREW.

SCENE I.

TIME: *1609, one morning.*

PLACE: *Amsterdam, Holland; Offices of the Dutch East India Company.*

[*The porter,* PHILIP STAFFE, *is seen dusting. He is a pleasant and likable man. Enter his three* DAUGHTERS *from the street. They are young and pretty; they carry pails, scrub-brushes, etc.*]

FRIEDA. We 've come to help you, father!

STAFFE. I 'm glad of that! There is much to do and the directors are here already — all of them but one.

[*He points to the private office at side.*]

GIRLS (*looking*). Oh!

STAFFE. They say this Englishman, this Master Henry Hudson, will arrive early, and they are here to meet him — as is proper.

WILHELMINA. Comes he straight from England, father?

STAFFE. Straight! Would the greatest sailor in the world to-day come any other way than straight? Out upon you, Wilhelmina! Oh, this will be a great day here! A great day with great things doing! Now this room I 've dusted only twice!

GIRLS. Only twice!

GRETCHEN. I see a fly speck on that knob!

[*Runs to door; polishes knob.*]

WILHELMINA. A spot I see upon the floor!

[*Scrubs at spot in floor.*]

FRIEDA. I see some dust on that last chair!

[*Dusts chair. A knocking is heard at the street door.*]

STAFFE. Come in! Come in!

[*Enter several* SAILORS.]

FIRST SAILOR. 'T is said Master Hudson comes to-day, sir.

STAFFE. And do you want to sail with him?

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

[*Enter the* FIRST DIRECTOR *from street. He is big and pompous and finely dressed.*]

FRIEDA (*aside to Girls*). 'T is a director!

DIRECTOR. Has Master Hudson arrived, Philip?

STAFFE. No, your Honor; but the other directors have assembled, your Honor.

DIRECTOR. I'll join them then, at once.

[*He starts to the private office. The Sailors talk together aside. Knocking is heard at street door.*]

STAFFE (*opening door*). Oh! (*Turning; whispering.*) 'T is your Honor's cousin, Henry Green.

DIRECTOR. Send him away, Philip!

[*Enter* HENRY GREEN, *pushing Philip aside. He is young; has polished manners, but is ragged and careless-looking.*]

DIRECTOR (*in a low voice*). What brings you here?

GREEN (*bowing*). You, dear kinsman.

DIRECTOR. I've helped you the last time! Not another cent!

GREEN. But, dear kinsman, behold these rags!

DIRECTOR. They are of your own making.

GREEN. I've had no chance.

DIRECTOR. You've had every chance! Your parents gave you a good education. You've travelled, seen the world — and here you are — a beggar.

GREEN. I've decided to turn over a new leaf. I've even thought I'd like to sail with Hudson. With your influence —

DIRECTOR (*interrupting*). I will not give it! Do I not know what you 'd be doing at the first opportunity! You 'd poison the men against Hudson, and you 'd try to become the Master.

GREEN. Oh, dear kinsman —

DIRECTOR. Go, and never enter here again!

STAFFE (*from street door*). He comes, your Honor! 'T is Master Hudson, sir! 'T is Master Henry Hudson!

[*Green hides behind a door. Enter* HENRY HUDSON, *a powerful man in stature and demeanor.*]

SAILORS (*aside*). Master Hudson! 'T is Master Hudson!

DIRECTOR. I am glad to welcome you, Master Hudson!

HUDSON. I am glad to be asked here on this business, sir.

DIRECTOR. We have heard much of your plans for finding a passage to China and the Indian Sea.

HUDSON. It is the ambition of my life, sir.

DIRECTOR. Our company has a large trade in the East, as you may know. Now could our ships sail by a shorter route, we would save a fortune every year.

HUDSON. I am sure there is a passage through, but well to the north and in the polar regions.

DIRECTOR. Would you be willing to try your plans for us, sir?

HUDSON. I'd sail to-day, could the ship be so soon got ready!

DIRECTOR. Then come lay your plans before the directors. They sit within awaiting you.

[*They enter the office.*]

STAFFE (*to sailors*). Now why should any man sail up to the North Pole? I'd catch my death of cold there.

FIRST SAILOR. We want the jewels, sir.

STAFFE. Jewels? Jewels in the ice and snow?

SECOND SAILOR. No, no! Jewels in the Indies! Jewels in Japan! Jewels everywhere in Eastern lands!

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

GIRLS. Oh! Oh!

THIRD SAILOR. 'T is said they lie upon the sands, they are so plentiful!

GIRLS. Oh! Oh!

FOURTH SAILOR. I've heard they hang from every tree in China and Japan!

GIRLS. Oh! Oh!

STAFFE. I'll go! I'll catch cold with the rest of you! I'll go!

GREEN. A word with you, Philip! (*Aside.*) I mean to go with you! But we must get rid of these sailors here, or neither of us will get to ship. They are all experienced seamen. Just leave it to me — I'll scare them off!

STAFFE. You must not send them away! It will be hard for Hudson to get good sailors.

GREEN. He can get bad ones, then! There are many such in all the jails.

(*He crosses to Sailors.*)

Now, men, I'd like to ship with you, but many fearsome tales I've heard of those far-off northern waters! 'T is said they are full of monsters!

SAILORS. Monsters!

GREEN. Aye! And 'tis said that mermaids climb the ships up there, and quickly snatch the sailors!

FIRST SAILOR. Do you hear that, lads?

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

GIRLS. Oh! Oh!

STAFFE. I'll not believe it! (*To Girls.*) And you shall not believe it either! Nay, you shall hear no more such tales! Go home, all of you! Go home! Go home!

[*The Girls go regretfully. Enter* HUDSON *and the* DIRECTOR. *Green hides.*]

DIRECTOR. Congratulations, Master! You see what faith we all have in your plans.

HUDSON. I am most pleased and happy.

DIRECTOR. Well, it is all settled now, but the signing of the papers.

[*He reënters the office.*]

HUDSON (*to Sailors*). I am glad to see you here,

lads. Some of you have sailed with me before, to Spain and Italy. But now my voyage will be northward. May I count on all of you?

(*Silence.*)

Why, what is this? Why are you silent?

FIRST SAILOR. I'll never sail in waters where are mermaids!

SAILORS. Nor I! Nor I!

HUDSON. Why, lads, those are only sailors' yarns!

SECOND SAILOR (*shaking head*). 'T is a fearsome thing that is half fish, half woman!

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

HUDSON. Twice I've sailed up there, and I have never seen one!

(*Sailors shake their heads.*)

Now, my lads, listen: You are brave and fearless seamen. There's not one of you afraid of tempests or of wreck!

SAILORS. No, no!

HUDSON. Then why do you fear a poor girl fish, supposing indeed there is one.

THIRD SAILOR. Such things bring bad luck, sir.

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

[*They start off.*]

HUDSON. I'll double the usual pay of each who will go with me!

FIRST SAILOR. I'll not go for any price!

SAILORS. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

[*They go quickly.*]

HUDSON (*sighing*). That means I must get my crew from jails; a crew of brutes and ruffians —

STAFFE. I'll go with you, Master! I'm not so young, but I can show you many a good, clean record of sails as ship carpenter.

HUDSON. I'll be glad to take you, sir! The kind of crew is half the undertaking.

GREEN. I'll go, Master!

HUDSON. You are a stranger to me, sir. Have you ever been to sea?

GREEN. Many times — as passenger.

HUDSON. Passenger?

GREEN. I have been unfortunate; my family had no sympathy for me and cast me off.

HUDSON. Now that is bad.

GREEN. Again and again I have tried my fortunes! Fate is always against me. I always come out loser.

HUDSON. I am sorry for you, lad.

GREEN. Could I have you to guide me, Master, it would make a man of me.

STAFFE (*aside*). It can't be done!

GREEN. I pray you take me with you, Master! I'd serve you faithfully!

STAFFE (*aside*). How much he wants the jewels!

HUDSON. Well, I should like to help you. My own youth was full of struggles and privations. I'll take you with me, lad.

STAFFE (*aside*). No good can come of it.

GREEN. I thank you, Master. Now, alas, I have not a cent to buy a sailor's outfit.

HUDSON. Here is money. Take it as a gift, my lad, and go and get your outfit.

[*Enter the* DIRECTORS. *Green hides, smiling triumphantly.*]

FIRST DIRECTOR. Your commission is ready for signing, Master Hudson.

HUDSON (*bowing*). I thank your Honors.

[*He sits and signs the papers.*]

FIRST DIRECTOR. We wish you great good luck, Master!

DIRECTORS (*lifting hands*). Good luck, Master!

SCENE II

TIME: *September, 1609.*

PLACE: *a forest on the Hudson River, America.*

[*Many* INDIANS *are seen on the shore watching an approaching ship.*]

A BRAVE. What can it be, great Chief?

CHIEF. It must be a house; a new and strange kind of house, belonging to some distant tribe.

MEDICINE-MAN. There's no house can ride the waves so!

CHIEF. Perhaps it is a fish; a new and strange kind of fish.

MEDICINE-MAN. There's no fish can ride the waves so!

A SQUAW. I fear it is a monster coming to devour us.

SQUAWS (*wailing*). Alas! Alas!

CHIEF. Look! Look! Do you not see men upon the thing as it comes nearer? 'T is a canoe; a new and strange kind of canoe and filled with strange Indians!

ALL. Aye! Aye!

MEDICINE-MAN. Nay — those men are not like us! Their skin is white, my brothers.

CHIEF. Then perform your charms and incantations and find out what these creatures are!

MEDICINE-MAN. It has come to me, great Chief!

(*He holds his arms aloft.*)

Listen, warriors! Listen, women and all children! Those white creatures there are gods!

ALL. Gods?

MEDICINE-MAN. Gods! gods come down from Heaven to visit us!

[*They all kneel, touch the ground with their heads, and then arise.*]

SECOND BRAVE. The canoe is empty! The gods have gone!

SECOND SQUAW. No, no! Look! They come in a smaller canoe! They are landing now upon the shore!

MEDICINE-MAN. 'T is true! Behold the god in the shining red robe! He is the greatest god of them all! He is Manito!

CHIEF. And we his peaceful children! We'll break our bows and arrows, braves, in token of submission.

[*They break their bows and arrows. Enter* HENRY HUDSON, STAFFE, GREEN, *and* SAILORS. *Hudson wears a long, red cloak. The Indians kneel to him, holding up their broken bows and arrows.*]

INDIANS. Manito! Manito!

HUDSON (*to Sailors*). We thought to find rude savages, and behold a loving people! Motion them to arise, Philip, whilst I give them these trinkets.

[*Hudson gives trinkets to Indians, assisted by Staffe.*]

GREEN (*spitefully, aside to Sailors*). See the power a red cloak gives! They did not kneel to us, you noticed! Now had I a Master's red cloak I'd use my power for you, lads. I'd compel these savages to disclose to us their hidden gold and jewels.

HUDSON (*to Green and Sailors*). Come, lads,

"MANITO! MANITO!"

mingle with these kind friends of ours, and help to show our good intentions. Ah, if I could only ask them whither this beautiful river flows! Perhaps here we will find the passage.

[*The Indians come to Hudson with their gifts and kneel to him in acknowledgment of them.*]

INDIANS. Manito! Manito!

SCENE III

TIME: *A year and a half later.*

PLACE: *Hudson Bay, America. On board "The Discoverer."*

[HUDSON *is seen standing on deck, looking out over a sea of ice. Enter* STAFFE.]

STAFFE. Master! The sailors are in an ugly mood! They will scarce obey my orders!

HUDSON. 'T is because of these months of idleness. Shut in by ice on every side, they have naught to do but grumble.

STAFFE. I fear it will lead to mutiny, Master.

HUDSON. We will get away and under sail in the next half hour, I 'm certain. Look out to the south there. Do you see? The ice is breaking!

STAFFE. Why, so it is! Master! Master! 'T is our deliverance!

HUDSON. Go bid the men prepare to sail.

STAFFE. Perhaps it will stop their grumbling to know they have started home.

HUDSON. The ship's course will be northward. Do you think I 'll give up my cherished plan because of men who are grumbling? No! A thousand and one times no!

STAFFE. But they are dangerous men, sir, and got from jails and prisons.

HUDSON. And care not where they go, and know not what they want. Besides, I owe it to those who sent me to sail on and on and on!

STAFFE. I'll stand with you, Master!

HUDSON. There 's naught I fear but failure. Three times I have tried, Philip, and each time — disappointment.

STAFFE. Your last trip brought you honor, Master. The directors were greatly pleased that you found the river.

HUDSON. Yes, but because of a grumbling crew, I was forced to return before I had found the passage.

(*He turns to the sea.*)

The ice has left us on this side! We 'll sail at once!

[*Staffe goes. Enter* GREEN. *He carries an old gray cloak.*]

GREEN. See this cloak, Master! It was left by the sailor who died last month.

HUDSON. I remember.

GREEN. May I not have the coat, dear Master?

HUDSON. Many have asked me for it, Henry.

GREEN. But who has been more faithful, Master? Who loves you more?

HUDSON. You have been faithful, Henry, and I do know you love me well. The coat is yours.

GREEN. I thank you, Master. Indeed I love you, Master. You have been a father to me from the first. I can never half repay you.

HUDSON. I want no pay. Be loyal to me and my plans. 'T is all I ask.

[*Enter* STAFFE.]

STAFFE. Master! There is trouble below! The sailors complain of lack of food!

HUDSON (*sadly*). I know — we all have had scarce enough to keep us from starvation. But now that the ice has broken up, we are sure to find good fishing.

STAFFE. That is not all, Master. It seems that some have been hiding food in their chests.

HUDSON. Well, it is their own food. If they want to save from each day's rations —

STAFFE. No, 't is not that, Master! 'T is said that one has been taking full three men's share since food has been less plentiful.

HUDSON. Such a thing is against my most strict

orders! Who is this thief who has stolen from his comrades?

STAFFE (*indicating Green*). He stands there, sir!

HUDSON. You!

GREEN. I took no more than my own portion! You cannot disbelieve me, Master!

HUDSON. I believe you, Henry. It will be best, though, to open your chest to prove it to the others.

GREEN. Open my chest for a lot of convict sailors!

HUDSON. It must be done. Bring up the chest, Philip, and bid the sailors gather here.

[STAFFE *goes. Green turns away in anger.* JOHN HUDSON *enters. He is eleven years old.*]

JOHN. Father, the sailors say he has been hiding bread for full three months!

HUDSON. It can't be true, my son.

JOHN. Good sailors do not do such things, do they, father?

HUDSON. No real seaman would ever stoop so low!

(*Enter* STAFFE *and two* SAILORS *who carry a chest. Enter all* SAILORS.)

Open the chest, Philip.

[*Staffe opens the chest and looks into it.*]

STAFFE. The chest is half-filled with bread, sir.

HUDSON (*to Green*). To think that you should do this ugly thing! You — whom I have trusted.

GREEN. I saw starvation coming —

HUDSON. With starvation here, no man takes but his own share. Give me the coat. You are not fit to have it.

GREEN (*giving coat*). I'll not forgive that, sir!

HUDSON. Forgive! Do not dare to speak so! I am the Master here, not you! Stay here until I send for you. You shall be punished further when we are under way.

(*To Sailors.*)

Lads, we are to steer straight northward! Be ready for orders when I return! Staffe, come with me, whilst I consult with the pilot.

[*Hudson, Staffe, and John go.*]

GREEN. Come here, lads; I'd speak with you in secret!

(*The Sailors surround Green.*)

Now let me explain that I took the bread only to further a certain plan — a plan for the good of you all.

FIRST SAILOR. I'll not believe 't was for the good of us!

SAILORS. Nor I! Nor I!

GREEN. Oh, but listen — I have been in the Master's favor, and so know certain things that are kept

from you. Hudson knows he will never find the passage, lads. He knows he can never reach the eastern lands with their precious gold and jewels.

SECOND SAILOR. He knows that, you say?

GREEN. Aye! He told me so but lately.

THIRD SAILOR. Then why does he take us farther north? Have we not had enough of dark and cold and the sufferings of half starvation?

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

GREEN. 'T is to spite me he goes northward now. He knows full well that I wish to return. Now, listen, lads — How would you like to pillage the ship? I say we seize and go through her clean, and then set sail for England! What say you, lads? What say you?

FIRST SAILOR. 'T would be a good place to go with booty, I say!

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

GREEN. Then, now, at once, is the time to begin!

(*Enter* STAFFE.)

Seize him! Do not let him call or speak!

(*Sailors seize Staffe and bind a scarf over his mouth. Enter* HUDSON.)

Seize him! Seize him, you there!

[*Sailors seize Hudson. Staffe struggles in vain to free himself.*]

HUDSON (*to Green*). 'T is you then I can thank for this!

GREEN. I am Master here, not you! Who will have the gray cloak now?

HUDSON. Well, you have me at your mercy. What are your terms?

GREEN. Terms! I 'll make no terms!

HUDSON. What do you mean?

GREEN. You 'll find out soon and clearly. Lower the boat there, lads!

[*The sailors lean over railing, pulling at ropes.*]

SECOND SAILOR. 'T is done! The boat rests on the water!

GREEN. Throw him into it! Set him adrift!

HUDSON (*passionately*). Adrift! You traitor!

GREEN. Who is Master now, eh? Adrift you 'll go! Do you hear? Adrift in this wilderness of ice! Adrift!

HUDSON. Philip! Save me! Save me!

[*Staffe struggles in vain. Enter* JOHN, *running.*]

JOHN. I heard you call! Why, father, what are they doing?

HUDSON. Good-bye, my son!

GREEN (*pushing John aside*). Over with him!

[*Hudson is dropped over.*]

JOHN. Father! Father!

GREEN. Put the boy in with him. We do not want him weeping here.

(*Sailors seize John and put him over.*)

You 'll stay with us, Staffe, for we need a carpenter. Free him, lads!

[*Sailors free Staffe, who tears scarf from his mouth.*]

STAFFE. 'T would be living death to stay with you!

GREEN. 'T will be living death to go with him. Cut the ropes, lads! Quick there! Cut the ropes!

[*Sailors cut the ropes. Staffe leaps on the railing.*]

HUDSON. Philip! Save us! Save us!

JOHN. Save us! Save us!

STAFFE. I cannot save, but I 'll not leave you, Master!

[*He jumps over.*]

LAFAYETTE'S TOAST.

TIME: *winter of* 1777.
PLACE: *York, Pennsylvania.*

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.	GENERAL HORATIO GATES.
GENERAL THOMAS CONWAY.	AIDE TO GATES.
	FOURTH CONSPIRATOR.
FIRST CONSPIRATOR.	FIFTH CONSPIRATOR.
SECOND CONSPIRATOR.	SIXTH CONSPIRATOR.
THIRD CONSPIRATOR.	SEVENTH CONSPIRATOR.

OTHER CONSPIRATORS.

[*A banquet hall is seen with a large table in the centre, blazing with candles, and set for a dinner.* GENERAL GATES, GENERAL CONWAY, *and the other* CONSPIRATORS *are in earnest conversation. Enter the* AIDE *with a letter.*]

AIDE (*saluting*). General Gates —

[*Gives letter and goes.*]

GATES. With your permission, gentlemen.

(*He reads the letter.*)

Good news, gentlemen! The Marquis de Lafayette accepts my invitation to this dinner, and will be with us presently. Do you see how this will help our plans, gentlemen? The Marquis has just come from

France with his proffer of help to our army. He has great wealth and influence. We must attach him to us, and that at once!

CONWAY. I agree with you, General! With Lafayette back of us, we can dare to declare our plans boldly.

GATES. Gentlemen, it is your plan, as it is mine, that I take Washington's place at the head of the American army. I wish to remind you also of the important offices you shall fill when I have the power to bestow them. For months we have planned this thing; the time has now come to act.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. But Washington's influence grows stronger daily, General Gates. The people worship him; his fame has even gone abroad to foreign lands. How can we act in the face of that?

CONWAY. We must first of all prevent a friendship between Lafayette and Washington.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR. But the Marquis has been at Valley Forge, and has offered Washington his services.

GATES. I have forestalled that, by offering Lafayette a higher position than Washington can at this time give him. Gentlemen, I have planned an expedition into Canada with the Marquis as commander.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR. Commander! Why, he is but a boy — barely twenty!

FOURTH CONSPIRATOR. He has never been to war!

FIFTH CONSPIRATOR. The expedition will be a failure!

GATES. I dare say; but it will serve its purpose. Lafayette will be thus removed from Washington and his influence.

CONWAY. And will be directly under ours.

SIXTH CONSPIRATOR. Is it your idea, General, to inform Lafayette of your plans to-night? Shall he be told in so many words that we wish to make you the commander-in-chief?

GATES. In words, no. In actions and by significant toasts, yes. It is my plan to have toasts drunk to every one but Washington, whose name no one of us will mention. This will show Lafayette plainly where we stand.

SEVENTH CONSPIRATOR. And may turn him against us and our policy.

CONWAY. We can prevent that by flattery. Lafayette is young. It will be strange if our praises, and the honor the general has conferred upon him, do not win him to us completely.

GATES. He will sign his commission, you may be sure of that. And then we can go further, gentle-

men. We can then feel safe to ask Lafayette to join our conspiracy against Washington.

[*Enter the* AIDE.]

AIDE. The Marquis de Lafayette!

[*Enter* LAFAYETTE. *The Aide goes.*]

GATES. Welcome, Marquis!

ALL. Welcome, Marquis! Welcome! Welcome!

LAFAYETTE (*bowing*). I thank you, General. Gentlemen, I thank you.

GATES. You honor us, Marquis. We seldom have an opportunity to dine with a hero.

LAFAYETTE. A hero? Ah, no, General, I have never yet been in any engagement.

GATES. You were a hero to leave France in spite of your king's opposition.

CONSPIRATORS. Aye! Aye!

LAFAYETTE (*laughing*). Ah, I only ran away — and heroes never run, you know.

CONWAY. But you ran with supplies, and ran into danger and warfare.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. You left comforts and honors, to run to the support of the weaker.

CONSPIRATORS. Aye! Aye!

GATES. Yes, Marquis, great honors indeed you have left, but great honors here you shall find. If you will accept the generalship I have offered you, 't will bring you world-wide glory and fame.

CONWAY. The entire French population of Canada will welcome you as their deliverer, and will rise to your support.

CONSPIRATORS. Aye! Aye!

LAFAYETTE. It is strange that General Washington did not mention this to me, and I have just left him at Valley Forge.

[*Silence; pause.*]

GATES. This invasion of Canada is my plan, Marquis. Washington knows nothing of it.

LAFAYETTE. Ah!

GATES. A toast, then, to the Marquis!

(*All surround table. Gates lifts his glass.*)

To the flower of France — to the princely hero — to the all-conquering general — the Marquis de Lafayette!

[*They drink to the toast.*]

LAFAYETTE (*bowing*). General Gates, gentlemen, I thank you.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR (*lifting glass*). A toast to the birthland of our famous guest, our nation's friend, our well-beloved France!

[*They drink to the toast.*]

LAFAYETTE (*bowing*). Gentlemen, I thank you.

[*He talks aside with a Conspirator.*]

GATES (*aside to Conway*). See how our flattery pleases him! We have won him!

CONWAY (*aside*). Completely, General.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR (*lifting glass*). A toast to our first Congress, our Continental Congress!

[*They drink to the toast.*]

CONWAY (*lifting glass*). To the health of our great American general, General Horatio Gates!

[*They drink to the toast.*]

GATES. I thank you, gentlemen. And now, Marquis, may I present your commission for signing?

(*Conway hurriedly gets the papers and places them before Lafayette.*)

Your acceptance will be a personal honor to me, and an honor to all America.

[*Lafayette looks over the papers. Pause. All watch him with breathless interest.*]

LAFAYETTE. General Gates, gentlemen, there is one toast that you have forgotten to drink.

(*Lifting his glass.*)

I beg leave to propose the health of the greatest soldier in the world to-day, the commander-in-chief of the American army — General George Washington!

[*He waits a moment; there is no response. He shrugs his shoulders, bows, and leaves the room.*]

DANIEL BOONE

DANIEL BOONE.	THIRD PIONEER.
SIMON KENTON.	FOURTH PIONEER.
GENERAL HAMILTON.	A YOUNG PIONEER.
MAJOR BOUND.	BLACK FISH.
TOMPKINS.	MINGO, A BRAVE.
WILSON.	FIRST BRAVE.
FIRST PIONEER.	SECOND BRAVE.
SECOND PIONEER.	THIRD BRAVE.

PIONEERS, ENGLISH SOLDIERS, BRAVES.

SCENE I

TIME: *January*, 1778.
PLACE: *Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky.*

[*The* PIONEERS *are seen in camp. Over fires hang large kettles. Some of the Pioneers stir the boiling water in the kettles; others take salt from the kettles; others carry water from the springs near by.*]

KENTON. Three pounds of salt I 've taken from my kettle!

FIRST PIONEER. I think I can soon take salt from mine!

SECOND PIONEER. There are signs of it in mine!

THIRD PIONEER. Two more days will see us through this work, I think.

FOURTH PIONEER. And on the road back home, I hope!

FIRST PIONEER. I hope so, too, comrade! I fear the Indians will attack the fort while we are here.

A YOUNG PIONEER. Oh, there is no danger of that!

KENTON. There is always danger of that, my boy.

YOUNG PIONEER. Then why did Colonel Boone bring us here, so far away from the fort?

KENTON. Why, 't was our need of salt! You know how we were suffering from the lack of it.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

FIRST PIONEER. Boone knew we had to take the risk some time.

SECOND PIONEER. It is strange that Boone does not return from hunting.

THIRD PIONEER. Well, we were out of food and perhaps game has not been plentiful.

FOURTH PIONEER. But he went out at daybreak, and it is now past noon.

[*He looks at sun.*]

KENTON. Well, he's safe; you can count on that. He knows these forests as we know the Boonesborough fort.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

[*They continue their work. The* YOUNG PIONEER *goes to the Springs for water.*]

YOUNG PIONEER (*looking off; low voice*). Sh! Sh! Indians! They 've got Boone!

PIONEERS (*getting rifles*). Boone?

YOUNG PIONEER (*nodding*). They 're bringing him here! Sh!

[*Pioneers lift rifles. Enter* BOONE *with four young* INDIANS.]

BOONE. Put down your rifles, comrades. I am their prisoner.

KENTON. You need not long remain so.

[*He aims his rifle at an Indian. The Pioneers aim at other Indians.*]

BOONE. Don't shoot! We do not dare to touch them! One hundred braves are in the woods about us!

KENTON. They surround us?

BOONE. They surround us now on every side! They came upon me suddenly. I ran, but was soon overtaken by these younger Indians, and I surrendered.

FIRST PIONEER. Surrendered? Without a fight?

BOONE. Yes; I found they were marching upon Boonesborough.

ALL. Boonesborough?

BOONE. Yes! I thought of the handful of men there to defend the fort. I thought of the women there, and children. I determined to stop their march at any price. I knew their custom — to return to camp to show off their prisoners; to exult over them, as children over Christmas toys, and so I surrendered. I am sure they will return at once, if you, too, will surrender.

SECOND PIONEER. Surrender! Only cowards surrender! We can at least kill some of them!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

BOONE. Yes, we might kill some of their best warriors. And what would happen then? The Indians would be wild with anger. They would march upon our fort at once and kill all without mercy.

FIRST PIONEER. Only cowards surrender!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

BOONE. Men, men! Do not think of proving your own bravery at this time! You are all brave men! You are willing to die to save your friends, every one of you!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

BOONE. But dying will not save them, comrades! You must live to save them. Surrender and the Indians will return to camp, and Boonesborough will be safe.

[*There is a long pause.*]

KENTON. I will surrender!

SECOND PIONEER. I will surrender!

OTHER PIONEERS. And I! And I! And I!

BOONE. Then give your rifles to these Indians.

[*Boone motions to Indians, who take rifles from Pioneers.*]

INDIANS (*joyfully*). Wah! Wah! Wah!

INDIANS (*off*). Wah! Wah! Wah!

(*At once* INDIANS *spring in from all sides and surround Pioneers.*)

Wah! Wah! Wah!

A BRAVE. Show white men at camp, Chief Black Fish!

ANOTHER BRAVE. All camp happy when see white men, Chief!

BRAVES. Wah! Wah!

[*Pause; all look at* BLACK FISH.]

BLACK FISH. Take white men to wigwams!

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

[*They go with prisoners.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *One month later.*
PLACE: *British fort, Detroit.*

[GENERAL HAMILTON, MAJOR BOUND, *and many* ENGLISH SOLDIERS *are seen.* TOMPKINS, a *soldier, enters and salutes the General.*]

GENERAL. Well, Tompkins?

TOMPKINS. There 's a squad of Indians waiting, General. Chief Black Fish asks to see you, sir. He has prisoners, sir.

GENERAL. White men?

TOMPKINS. Yes, General.

GENERAL. Bring them here, Indians and prisoners.

(*Tompkins salutes and goes.*)

Please bring the money, Major, to ransom these white men.

MAJOR BOUND. Yes, General.

[*He salutes; crosses room and gets a bag of money from a chest. Enter* BLACK FISH, MINGO, *and other* BRAVES, *with* BOONE *and* PIONEERS.]

BLACK FISH. Prisoners, great Chief — white men — ransom.

GENERAL (*taking bag of money*). How much?

BLACK FISH. One — not sell. He — Daniel Boone!

GENERAL. Daniel Boone! Step forward, Boone. I want to know you.

(*Boone steps forward. The General offers his hand.*)

I have heard much about you, Colonel; your courage and your justice to enemy as well as friend.

(*Lowering his voice.*)

I 'll ransom you, Colonel Boone.

BOONE. I thank you, General.

MAJOR BOUND. How do they treat you, Colonel?

BOONE. With kindness, Major. They have treated us all well since our capture.

BLACK FISH. Because — glad to get Boone.

BRAVES. Wah! Wah! Wah!

A BRAVE. Boone great warrior!

ANOTHER BRAVE. Boone great hunter!

THIRD BRAVE. Boone shoot like Indian!

BLACK FISH (*giving bow and arrows to Boone*). Show!

(*He sticks a feather into a crack of door.*)

Show!

[*Boone shoots; hits feather.*]

INDIANS (*proudly*). Wah! Wah! Wah!

BLACK FISH. Mingo shoot!

[*Mingo steps forward. Black Fish puts another feather in door. Mingo shoots and misses.*]

INDIANS (*angrily*). Hi! Hi!

MINGO. Bad arrow — shoot again!

[*He shoots and misses.*]

INDIANS (*angrily*). Hi! Hi!

BLACK FISH. Boone shoot!

[*Boone shoots and misses.*]

BOONE. I too have missed!]

INDIANS (*joyfully*). Wah! Wah! Wah!

FIRST PIONEER. I have never seen him miss before!

OTHER PIONEERS. Nor I! Nor I!

SECOND PIONEER. Shoot again, Boone!

THIRD PIONEER. Show them what a white man can do, Colonel!

BOONE. I can do no better than my Indian brothers. I will not shoot again.

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

GENERAL (*taking money from bag*). Chief Black Fish, here is ransom for the white men.

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone.

GENERAL. Here is money for all but Boone — two hundred dollars.

(*Black Fish takes the money and motions the Braves, who release Pioneers.*)

Now here are two hundred for Boone alone.

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone!

GENERAL. Three hundred!

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone!

GENERAL. Four hundred!

BLACK FISH. No.

GENERAL. Five hundred!

BLACK FISH. No.

GENERAL. Six hundred!

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone any money! Boone an Indian! Boone my son! Many moons try to get him — take him to wigwam now!

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

BOONE. It is useless, General. I must go back with them, you see.

GENERAL. Yes, it is useless. Take my fur coat, Colonel. You will need it on your journey.

MAJOR BOUND. Take my fur gloves and leggins, Colonel.

BOONE. No, no, gentlemen! I am a poor man. I could never hope to pay you.

GENERAL. We do not want pay, Boone.

BOONE. I cannot take such gifts. But I thank you, gentlemen, I thank you.

BLACK FISH. Come, my son.

BOONE. Farewell, friends! Farewell, comrades!

[*He goes with Indians.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *three months later.*

PLACE: *the open just in front of Boonesborough fort, which is seen back.*

[*Gates of fort are open.* PIONEERS *are seen outside fort, surrounding* WILSON. *A Pioneer runs to fort.*]

PIONEER (*calling*). Wilson has escaped from the Indians! He is here with us outside!

[OTHER PIONEERS *and* KENTON *enter from fort running. They shake hands with Wilson.*]

KENTON. Wilson! I feared we would never see you again!

WILSON. I am thankful to get here alive.

KENTON. What news of Boone?

WILSON. Boone is now an Indian.

KENTON. Boone an Indian!

WILSON. He was made a member of the Chief's own family, and all with his consent. He 's a traitor to his race, I say!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

KENTON. He may have had some reason —

WILSON. There was no reason. I say we should drive him back should he ever come to us again!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

FIRST PIONEER. I've noticed he was always kind to Indians where others would be harsh.

SECOND PIONEER. I've seen that many times, and wondered at it.

KENTON. Boone was only just to the Indian. You all know that full well!

THIRD PIONEER (*looking off*). On guard! An Indian! See him running in the valley there! Shoot him!

KENTON. No, no! He calls to us! Listen!

INDIAN (*faintly, from a distance*). Boone! Boone! Boone!

KENTON. Do you hear? He calls, "Boone"!

A PIONEER. It's only an Indian trick! Shoot him!

KENTON. No, no! Listen!

INDIAN (*calling nearer*). Boone! Boone! Boone!

WILSON. Shoot him now, I say!

KENTON. I forbid it! He may bring news of Boone!

WILSON. What is that to us? Boone is a traitor to the white man!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

KENTON. Well, come within the fort. We'll soon find whether it is a trick or no. And then we'll shoot in safety. If that Indian is an enemy, we risk our lives by staying here. Come!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

[*They enter fort and close gates. Pause.* BOONE, *in Indian dress, enters, running.*]

BOONE. Open the gates, friends! It is I — Boone!

(*Silence; pause. Boone tears off his head-dress of feathers and throws it on ground.*)

Don't you know me? I am Boone — Daniel Boone!

(*Silence; pause.*)

Men, men, do you shut me out from you? Is that what your silence means?

(*Silence; pause.*)

Do you think I joined the Indian tribe by choice? Do you think I am a traitor to you and my race?

(*Silence; pause.*)

Your silence answers me. Listen, comrades — I took my first chance to escape! One hundred and sixty miles in four days I have come; stopped once and only once to eat, and not at all to sleep. And this I have done to warn you — to tell you that Black Fish comes to attack you! With four hundred warriors, he is now upon the march! Now, drive me from you, if you will. Daniel Boone was never traitor to his kind — never was and never will be! But traitor to the Indian he is. To learn their plans, he became an Indian. He tricked them to

save his own. Do you hear that, men? It was to save his own.

[*The gates are opened, and the Pioneers rush out. They grasp Boone's hands.*]

KENTON. Boone, Boone, you have saved us! Forgive us!

PIONEERS. Forgive us! Forgive us!

BOONE. I do forgive, for I know you did not understand. You are all my friends and comrades.

HOW THEY SAVED THE FORT

First Woman.	Simon Kenton.
Second Woman.	Scout.
Third Woman.	First Pioneer.
Fourth Woman.	Second Pioneer.
Fifth Woman.	Third Pioneer.
Rose.	First Young Pioneer.
Julia.	Second Young Pioneer.
Helen.	Third Young Pioneer.
Sarah.	Black Fish.
Mary.	First and Second Braves.

Pioneers, Braves, United States Soldiers.

SCENE I

Time: *an August morning*, 1782.
Place: *Bryant's Station, a Kentucky fort.*

[*The* Pioneers *are seen at various tasks.* Women *and* Girls *come into fort, carrying buckets of water. Enter* Simon Kenton, *running.*]

A Pioneer. Why, 't is Simon Kenton!

Kenton. Boonesborough has been attacked!

All (*surrounding Kenton*). Boonesborough!

Kenton. Aye, by Black Fish with four hundred warriors!

FIRST PIONEER. We can guess your sad news, Kenton. You were the only one to escape.

KENTON. No, the garrison is safe. Daniel Boone escaped from Black Fish, and came in time to warn us. We drove them off after a hard fight. Boone says they mean to attack you here.

SECOND PIONEER. We cannot fight so large a force; there are too few of us.

KENTON. You must send to Lexington for soldiers.

A YOUNG PIONEER. I'll go to Lexington!

KENTON. There is no time to lose, lad!

YOUNG PIONEER (*taking his gun*). Farewell, comrades! Farewell!

[*He goes, running.*]

KENTON. They must not take us unawares. Make things ready, men!

PIONEERS. Yes! Yes!

[*They see to making things fast. Kenton bolts the door.*]

FIRST WOMAN. It is a good thing we have been to the spring.

ROSE. I should be afraid to go there now.

SECOND WOMAN. We should all be afraid now, child.

THIRD WOMAN. Well, we have water enough to last all day.

HELEN. And the Lexington soldiers will be here soon.

FIRST WOMAN. Yes, if the boy is not killed on his way.

JULIA. Why, the soldiers may not come at all then!

FIRST WOMAN. No, they may not come at all.

SECOND WOMAN. Why tell them that? Do you want to frighten them?

FIRST WOMAN. The daughters of pioneers must be as brave as their brave fathers. They must face every danger as it comes.

[*The fort door is shaken.*]

VOICE (*off*). Open! Open!

KENTON (*looking through a loop-hole*). 'T is our scout!

[*He opens the door. The* SCOUT *enters.*]

SCOUT. To arms! Indians! Indians!

KENTON. Where did you see them? How many miles from here?

SCOUT. They are here! Here — about you!

KENTON. Here! How did you get through to us?

SCOUT. They are hidden in the thick brush by the spring. I pretended not to see them.

SECOND YOUNG PIONEER. 'T is strange they did not fire at you.

[*Indians are heard yelling. The Pioneers look through loop-holes.*]

THIRD PIONEER. Why, there are not more than a dozen in all!

THIRD YOUNG PIONEER. I say we go out and fight them!

ALL YOUNG PIONEERS. Yes! Yes!

SCOUT. Go from this fort and not a man of you will ever return! It is just a trick, boys! They wish to draw us out. Then the others will rush out from the brush and cut us down.

[*Indian yells are heard again, quickly growing fainter.*]

FIRST PIONEER. They run back to the forest!

SECOND PIONEER. They think we will pursue them.

THIRD PIONEER. And if we do not, the others there will soon attack us. So what are we to do?

KENTON. We must delay them in some way, and thus give time for the troops to come. We must pretend to think the danger over. We must show those warriors hidden in the brush that we do not suspect their presence there. Then they will try their trick again.

SCOUT. How can we show them? Who would be willing to take a walk to the spring just now? Not I!

PIONEERS. Nor I! Nor I!

FIRST WOMAN. I will. I'll go down and fill my bucket.

ALL. You — ?

FIRST WOMAN. I.

SECOND WOMAN. I'll go with you!

OTHER WOMEN. And I! And I!

ROSE. I'll go too!

FIRST WOMAN. No, Rose.

ROSE. The daughter of a pioneer should be as brave as her brave mother.

FIRST WOMAN. Get your bucket, child.

HELEN. I'll go too.

OTHER GIRLS. And I! And I!

KENTON. Don't you see how great your danger? You may be walking straight to death.

FIRST WOMAN. And we may save every one of you! (*To the* WOMEN *and* GIRLS.) Come! Come!

[*They go from fort with their buckets.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *continuous.*

PLACE: *a clearing, with fort at back and spring at one side.*

[*The* WOMEN *and* GIRLS *are seen coming from the fort with their buckets.* INDIANS *peep from the brush as the Women approach.*]

FIRST WOMAN (*softly*). We must talk and laugh just as we always do, or they will suspect us. (*Aloud.*) Girls, what do you say to a party this Hallowe'en?

ROSE. Oh, I should like that!

GIRLS. And so should I! And so should I!

SECOND WOMAN. I have two pumpkins I will give you, for jolly pumpkin faces.

THIRD WOMAN. And I will give three fine red apples for bobbing in a tub.

FOURTH WOMAN. I have a false face for the girl who can walk to the spring from here, with her bucket on her head. Who 'll try?

GIRLS. I! I! I!

[*All the girls put their buckets on their heads and start to the spring. Only three succeed.*]

SARAH. I've won!

JULIA. I've won!

MARY. I've won!

FOURTH WOMAN. Dear me! What am I to do? I know — I'll loan the face to each of you in turn.

[*All laugh. They fill their buckets and start back to the fort.*]

SARAH. What shall we have to eat at the party?

FIFTH WOMAN. Toasted chestnuts would be nice.

MARY. I know where there are some fine trees. I will show them to you now.

GIRLS (*in alarm*). Now!

FIRST WOMAN. We are so busy to-day; to-morrow will do as well, I think. Now listen! I have a joke to tell you —

"I'VE WON!"

(*Silence. All walk faster as they near the fort.*)

It is such a funny joke —

(*All as before.*)

I have never heard anything so —

[*They reach the fort; the door is opened; they enter quickly; the door is closed. Pause. Indians peep out from the bushes.*]

BLACK FISH. White man no know — if know, squaws no come.

FIRST BRAVE. He think Indian run away — wigwam.

BLACK FISH. Go fort again! Make much noise! If no come — war!

[*A dozen* BRAVES *run toward fort with yells and threatening gestures. No response from fort.*]

SECOND BRAVE. He no come.

BLACK FISH. Wait.

(*Pause. No response from fort.*)

Give warcry! Come!

[*They rush again upon the fort, yelling warcry. Enter* UNITED STATES SOLDIERS *from the forest. They fire. The Indians run. The* PIONEERS *come from fort, shouting with joy.*]

SIR PERCIVALE, THE BOY KNIGHT FROM THE FOREST

SCENE I

TIME: *in the days of King Arthur.*
PLACE: *a castle in England.*

PERCIVALE.	WOODSMAN.
HIS MOTHER.	GARDENER.
HIS SISTER.	SHEPHERD.
SENESCHAL.	GROOM.
HERDSMAN.	MAIDS.

[*The* SISTER *sits in an armchair in the castle hall; near by sit the* MAIDS. *All are sewing. Enter the* MOTHER *from an inner room.*]

MOTHER. Admit the servants, please, my daughter. They should be in waiting at this hour.

SISTER. Yes, my mother.

(*She opens the outer doors.*)

Thy Lady will now speak with thee, and bids thee now to enter.

[*Enter the* SENESCHAL, HERDSMAN, GARDENER, WOODSMAN, SHEPHERD, *and* GROOM.]

MOTHER. Friends, on this day, as thou well knowest, I give thee caution as to my son. 'T is thy

young master's birthday. Percivale is now no longer a child: I fear greatly the coming year.

SENESCHAL. There is no need to fear, good my lady. Thy castle is far from towns and tournaments. No one passes this way.

MOTHER. I pray no one will ever find his way here! Travellers bring tales, and I would withhold from Percivale all knowledge of the world outside, with its knights and tournaments and battles.

SISTER. He knows nothing of them now, my mother.

MOTHER. He must never know! I lost my good husband and six brave sons out in that world — husband and sons all killed in tournaments. And now I would keep Percivale by my side. Herdsman, takes he an interest still in our goats and sheep and cows?

HERDSMAN. There is not one he does not know by heart, not even the least ewe of them. And there is not one he cannot lift by hand, not even the greatest ox of them.

MOTHER. What sayest thou? Lift an ox?

WOODSMAN. Aye, 'tis so! And with one blow of the ax, he can fell a great tree. 'T is most wonderful!

MOTHER. 'T is well he should know the ax of the woodsman, but never the battle-ax. Gardener, shows Percivale an interest in thy work?

GARDENER. Aye, good my lady! He uses the scythe as well as I.

MOTHER. 'T is well he should know the scythe, but never the cruel sword. Shepherd, goes thy master ever to the hills with thee?

SHEPHERD. Aye, good my lady! And always he will carry my crook, whilst I have naught but empty hands.

MOTHER. Better the shepherd's crook than the deadly spear. Groom, complains thy master of the horses?

GROOM. No, good my lady. He knows not they are undersized and weaklings.

MOTHER. 'T is well. See to it that no great horse such as knights ride e'er meets his eye.

GROOM. Aye, good my lady.

MOTHER. Thou hast all obeyed me well. Remember thy caution throughout this perilous year, my friends. That is all. I thank thee.

[*The Servants go, bowing.*]

SISTER. So now, my lady mother, thou must not worry. Percivale loves this life in the forest. He would never care to leave it.

[*Enter* PERCIVALE, *greatly excited.*]

PERCIVALE. Mother, sister, come! Come to this window! Such a sight as thou wilt see! Come!

(*All look out of the window.*)

What are they, mother?

(*The Mother leaves the window quickly.*)

Look, sister! Look at those great horses! Look at those glorious creatures on their backs! Are they men, my mother?

(*The Mother is silent.*)

Whatever they are, they are covered with iron. See how it is polished! See how it glistens in the sunlight! See what gay and beautiful colors they wear! Look at their silken banners! What are they, mother? Speak, I pray thee!

[*The Mother turns away.*]

SISTER. Methinks they are angels, brother.

PERCIVALE. Then, by my faith, I will go and become an angel with them!

MOTHER. The world has come to us at last, in spite of all our care! Tell thy brother the truth, my daughter.

SISTER. Those riding by are knights, Percivale.

PERCIVALE. Knights? And what are they?

SISTER. Men who go forth to right wrongs, and to see that justice is done the poor and the weak and the old.

PERCIVALE. Then I will become a knight! I will ride forth as they do!

MOTHER. My son, wouldst thou leave me?

PERCIVALE. I am strong: I should protect the

weak. I am young: I should protect the old. I am needed in the world outside. I must go, for 't is my duty.

MOTHER. Go then to the court of King Arthur, for his are the best and bravest and most gentle of knights. Before thou art knighted, the King will ask thy promise to be always loyal and upright, and to fight for those who need thy protection.

PERCIVALE. 'T is a promise I will gladly make!

MOTHER. Then, my Percivale, go, and may the boy from the forest be the best and truest knight of them all!

SCENE II

TIME: *the day following.*

PLACE: *King Arthur's castle at Camelot: the great hall.*

KING ARTHUR.	SIR LAUNCELOT.
QUEEN GUINEVERE.[1]	SIR TRISTRAM.
PERCIVALE.	SIR GALAHAD.
RED KNIGHT.	SIR PALAMIDES.[2]
SIR KAY.	SIR GARETH.[3]
DWARF.	SIR BALIN.[4]

KNIGHTS, LADIES, AND PAGES.

[*The* KING *and* QUEEN *sit in great chairs at the upper end of the hall. Many* KNIGHTS *and* LADIES

[1] gwin'e-vēr. [2] pal-a-mī'dēz. [3] gair'eth. [4] bā'lin.

are seen. At the lower end of the hall, near the door, stands SIR KAY, *the seneschal. A* DWARF *is near by. Enter* PERCIVALE, *carrying a wooden pole for a spear.*]

PERCIVALE (*to Sir Kay*). Tell me, Sir Knight, if that is King Arthur yonder?

SIR KAY. What wouldst thou with King Arthur?

PERCIVALE. I would become a knight.

SIR KAY. Thou! Thou hast no armor! Return to thy fields and thy cows, countryman!

PERCIVALE. Again I ask thee — which is King Arthur?

SIR KAY. Begone! Begone, I say!

DWARF. Percivale, thou art welcome here! I know thee by thy father, who was one of King Arthur's knights.

[*Enter a* KNIGHT *in red armor. Sir Kay does not see him.*]

SIR KAY. Art thou seneschal here, thou dwarf?

DWARF (*not heeding*). Yonder sits King Arthur by the Queen's side. A page is serving him water.

SIR KAY (*striking Dwarf*). Be silent!

SIR LAUNCELOT. Sir Kay, canst thou tell the name of that strange knight?

SIR KAY. Strange knight? Where?

SIR LAUNCELOT. The knight in red armor there. He is approaching the King.

SIR KAY. I know him not.

SIR LAUNCELOT. Look! He takes the goblet from the Queen's hand! He throws the water in her face!

RED KNIGHT. *If* any here is bold enough to avenge this insult to his Queen, let him follow me! I will await him in the meadow.

[*He goes out quickly. The King springs to his feet. The Knights rush forward. There is great excitement.*

KING ARTHUR. 'T was the act of a madman!

SIR LAUNCELOT. 'T was the act of an enemy!

SIR PALAMIDES. 'T is my belief that neither would have dared. The strange knight is protected by some magic, and therefore braves us all.

KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

SIR GARETH. There's no armor can withstand magic!

KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

PERCIVALE. I'll after him! There's no magic can frighten me!

[*He goes out quickly.*]

KING ARTHUR. Why, he is but a boy, and hath no armor, and only a pointed pole for a spear! The Red Knight will kill him! After him, Tristram! Bring the lad back with thee!

TRISTRAM. I will, my King!

[*He goes.*]

QUEEN (*from a window*). Tristram is too late! The boy is upon the Red Knight now!

(*All hasten to the window.*)

The knight will kill him, Arthur!

LADIES. Alas! Alas!

SIR BALIN. But see how the lad doth handle his pole!

ALL. Marvellous! 'T is marvellous!

KING ARTHUR. Look! Look! The lad hath smote the knight! Do ye see? The lad hath smote the knight!

SIR GALAHAD. I can scarce believe mine eyes! Such courage I have never seen!

KING ARTHUR. I will make him a knight at once, and seat him at my Round Table! Who knows the lad's name?

DWARF. The lad's father was Sir Percivale.

KING ARTHUR. Sir Percivale! The lad shall be doubly welcomed here! Go to him, Balin, tell him of my affection for his father, and bring him back with thee.

[*Sir Balin goes. Enter* SIR TRISTRAM.]

SIR TRISTRAM. The lad hath won! I besought him to return with me, but he refused.

KING ARTHUR. Refused!

[*Enter* SIR BALIN.]

SIR BALIN. He will not come, King Arthur.

KING ARTHUR. What is this! Thou didst tell him I would make him a knight?

SIR BALIN. Even so, my King.

KING ARTHUR. And thou didst tell him of my affection for his father?

SIR BALIN. Aye, but the lad declared he was not worthy of such a father, nor worthy of thy honor, till he had proven himself, by deeds of bravery, fit to meet the seneschal here in combat.

KING ARTHUR. But why? Sir Kay hath done him no wrong.

SIR BALIN. The lad would teach Sir Kay that he cannot strike a dwarf.

KING ARTHUR. Kay! Didst thou so forget thy vow of knighthood?

SIR KAY. I do acknowledge that I am at fault, King Arthur.

KING ARTHUR. I love thee greatly, Kay, but thou must prove thou art worthy of a seat at my Round Table. Go thou, therefore, and return not till thou hast made thy peace with the brave boy from the forest?

QUEEN (*from window*). The lad hath gone!

KING ARTHUR. Then follow him, Kay, and bring him back with thee. Show him that thou art indeed a true knight, gentle and merciful always. And now, farewell!

SCENE III

TIME: *the same day.*

PLACE: *a road near Camelot, with the forest on each side.*

PERCIVALE.
HERMIT.
SIR KAY (GREEN KNIGHT).
KING ARTHUR (SCARLET KNIGHT).
SIR LAUNCELOT (BLACK KNIGHT).
SIR TRISTRAM (BLUE KNIGHT).
SIR GALAHAD (WHITE KNIGHT).
SIR PALAMIDES (KNIGHT OF THE SUN).
SIR GARETH (KNIGHT OF THE PEACEFUL RIVER).
SIR BALIN (KNIGHT OF THE CLASPED HANDS).

AND MANY OTHER KNIGHTS.

[KING ARTHUR *and his* KNIGHTS *are seen entering. Each wears armor he has never worn before, and each has changed his customary banner with its devices and motto, for something entirely new and strange.*]

KING ARTHUR. We will wait here while Sir Launcelot doth investigate.

KNIGHTS. Aye!

[*They remove their helmets. Enter* SIR LAUNCELOT.]

SIR LAUNCELOT. The lad comes this way from

"WHAT WOULDST THOU, HERMIT?"

the north, whilst Sir Kay doth approach from the south. 'T is certain they will meet here.

KING ARTHUR. Come, then, into the forest! Now don thy helmets and close them well! They must not know us when we appear. And forget not the part thou hast each to play in thy strange armor and trappings!

KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

[*They enter the forest. Pause. Enter* PERCIVALE. *He wears red armor, but no helmet. He carries his wooden pole. Enter the* HERMIT *from the forest.*]

HERMIT. I pray thee halt, Sir Knight!

PERCIVALE. What wouldst thou, hermit?

HERMIT. There is great need of a good knight here!

[*Enter the* GREEN KNIGHT *from the south.*]

PERCIVALE. Speak!

HERMIT. Not far from here, where the river rushes strongest over the great stones, dwells a poor old miller and his wife. Didst thou notice their hut?

PERCIVALE. Aye, and noticed likewise that there was not a cow, or a goat, or even a fowl about the place.

HERMIT. 'T is of that I would speak. Only yesterday robbers came upon them, and took away their every possession.

PERCIVALE. They shall be repossessed of everything that was taken! Can you point out the way to the robbers' den?

HERMIT. I will guide thee there, Sir Knight.

GREEN KNIGHT (*to Percivale*). I will accompany thee, and help thee repossess the miller.

PERCIVALE. I thank thee, Sir Knight, for thy offer of assistance.

[*As they turn to enter the forest,* KING ARTHUR *and his* KNIGHTS *enter from the opposite side. Their helmets are closed.*]

SCARLET KNIGHT (*King Arthur*). I pray thee, halt, Sir Knights! We go to fight for a distant king! Accompany us, and riches and honor will be thine!

PERCIVALE. I cannot accompany thee, Sir Knight.

GREEN KNIGHT. Nor I!

SCARLET KNIGHT. But I tell thee thou shalt both have glory and fame. Relate, my good knights, what ye know of this.

BLACK KNIGHT (*Sir Launcelot*). This distant king doth wish another kingdom: a kingdom rich with gold and jewels and many precious things.

BLUE KNIGHT (*Sir Tristram*). And of these treasures each knight is promised his full share, when once we 've gained the kingdom.

WHITE KNIGHT (*Sir Galahad*). 'T will be booty worth the trying for!

KNIGHT OF THE SUN (*Sir Palamides*). 'T will mean a princedom for each one of us!

KNIGHT OF THE PEACEFUL RIVER (*Sir Gareth*). Lucky the knight who hath been bidden to this battle!

KNIGHT OF THE CLASPED HANDS (*Sir Balin*). Aye, thrice lucky he!

KNIGHTS (*in chorus*). Aye! Aye!

SCARLET KNIGHT. So come, sir strangers, come with us!

PERCIVALE. I cannot; I go to the aid of a poor miller, sir.

GREEN KNIGHT. And I, likewise.

SCARLET KNIGHT (*angrily*). Ye both refuse me!

BLACK KNIGHT. 'T is not meet that one knight should refuse another!

BLUE KNIGHT. 'T is against the laws of chivalry!

WHITE KNIGHT. 'T is an insult to each knight of us!

SCARLET KNIGHT. Aye, 't is an insult and shall be punished! I challenge thee to battle, sirs!

KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

GREEN KNIGHT (*lifting his lance*). Come! I am ready!

PERCIVALE (*lifting his pole*). And I!

SCARLET KNIGHT. Not I! Not against thy pole! Of that I am afraid, sir! See how I tremble 'neath my armor!

KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS (*trembling*). And we! See us!

PERCIVALE. Since it pleases thee to jest, I'll at thee now — at once! (*To Scarlet Knight.*) Defend thyself, sir!

SCARLET KNIGHT. Nay, lad — I am thy king!

[*He and his Knights remove their helmets.*]

PERCIVALE (*dropping pole*). King Arthur!

GREEN KNIGHT (*dropping lance*). King Arthur!

KING ARTHUR. I have come to take thee back to court, Percivale, and make a knight of thee. I have tested thee and tempted thee, and thou hast failed in nothing. Thou wilt make a true knight, Percivale. Come!

PERCIVALE. Nay, King Arthur, I cannot go till I have taught a certain knight that he cannot strike a dwarf.

GREEN KNIGHT (*removing helmet*). Thou hast already taught him that, lad; his heart is filled with shame for that base and hasty act.

PERCIVALE. Thou — Sir Kay?

GREEN KNIGHT. The dwarf has forgiven me. Wilt thou not make peace?

PERCIVALE. Aye! Gladly!

[*He grasps Sir Kay's hand.*]

KING ARTHUR. The peace is made! Come, good knights, let us all haste to the aid of the miller! Lead on, Percivale! Lead thou on!

TABLEAU

The hall of KING ARTHUR'S *palace is seen, with the* KNIGHTS *and* LADIES *gravely watching the ceremony of* PERCIVALE'S *knighting. King Arthur stands with uplifted hand before Percivale, who, clad in white, kneels before him.*

DON QUIXOTE[1]

SCENE I

TIME: *a summer morning in* 1600.
PLACE: *La Mancha, Spain, home of Don Quixote.*

DON QUIXOTE.
SANCHO PANZA.[2]
CURATE.
ANTONIA, THE NIECE.
MARIA, THE HOUSEKEEPER.

[*The living-room is seen.* MARIA *enters and tiptoes to a door at one side; peeps through the keyhole; goes to entrance and beckons.*]

MARIA (*softly*). Antonia! Antonia!

[*Enter* ANTONIA, *a bright, pretty girl.*]

ANTONIA. What is it, Maria? Has anything happened to my uncle?

MARIA. Sh! He is at it again, Antonia!

ANTONIA. The books?

MARIA (*nodding*). He has been reading them all night. His candle is still burning.

ANTONIA. What are we to do, Maria? This thing cannot go on.

[1] don kwiks' ōt. [2] sang' kō pan' za.

MARIA. The curate should know all, I say.

ANTONIA. Perhaps it would be best to tell him.

MARIA. Is he not expected here this morning?

ANTONIA. Yes. He is a good friend to my uncle, and comes frequently to see him.

MARIA (*looking off*). He is coming now — is at the gate! It is good luck for all of us!

[*Enter the* CURATE. *The women bow.*]

CURATE. A happy day to you, Antonia, Maria! Shall I find your uncle in his room?

ANTONIA. Ah, father curate — one word before you see him!

CURATE. A secret, Antonia?

ANTONIA. Yes, father curate. We are in a fair way to be beggared. My uncle is neglecting his farms and business and —

MARIA. He will do nothing but read, father curate, and —

ANTONIA. And will read about nothing but knights, father curate! And —

MARIA. And will talk about nothing but knights, father curate! It 's peaceful knights, fighting knights, strong knights, and —

ANTONIA. And the Knight of the Moon, the Knight of the Sun, the Knight of the Clasped Hands, the Red Knight, the Black Knight, the Pink Knight, the Scarlet Knight, and —

MARIA. The Green Knight, the Blue Knight, the Orange Knight and —

ANTONIA. And a thousand others, father curate!

CURATE. I see, I see! His head is filled with these silly stories of knight-errantry.

MARIA. 'T would not be so bad were it only his head; he is filling up the house with them.

ANTONIA. Should the books not be burned, father curate?

CURATE. By all means. Get them out of the house, and I 'll get them out of his head. I 'll interest him in something else.

[*Enter* SANCHO PANZA, *a fat farm-laborer.*]

SANCHO (*bowing*). Begging the pardon of all present, I am to see Don Quixote.

MARIA. Why do you speak with such assurance, Sancho Panza?

SANCHO. Because Don Quixote bade me speak so when I came to-day.

ANTONIA. Enter, then.

(*Sancho enters Don Quixote's room.*)

My uncle talks to that clown by the hour about knights and tournaments and castles.

MARIA. And giants, and beautiful princesses who must be saved. I 've heard it at the key-hole.

ANTONIA. Sh! He 's coming!

[*Enter* DON QUIXOTE *with a book in each hand,*

and two under each arm. SANCHO *follows. Don Quixote has a kind and gentle face.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Welcome, dear friend! It is kind of you to make this visit. Chocolate, Antonia, if you please.

ANTONIA. At once, dear uncle.

[*Maria and Antonia go. Don Quixote puts the books on the table.*]

DON QUIXOTE. I have some marvellous stories here, my friend, of that marvellous knight, Amadis of Gaul, and of his marvellous, past marvellous adventures.

CURATE. But, my friend, have you heard of the war the King is waging against the Turks? He will sail soon from Seville with a great army.

DON QUIXOTE. A great waste of both men and money. One knight in armor would serve as well and better. It is written here that Amadis of Gaul frequently gave battle to an entire army, and dispatched them all, singly and alone.

CURATE. Such things are only fairy tales, dear friend.

DON QUIXOTE. No, no, you are wrong there! We should have knights now, roaming the world, righting wrongs and removing abuses, just as they did in those days of old.

CURATE. There were no judges then to keep

things straight, and the travelling knight was a travelling officer of the law. But now, no village so small that has not its court, with judge and learned lawyers.

DON QUIXOTE. And not a day but brings its news of wrongs that go unrighted, and of abuses that are not removed.

CURATE. Yes, friend, but now we try to settle things by peace, if we can.

DON QUIXOTE. Well, well, we all have our way of looking at things. But it would be well for you to tell the King my plan. You may say that I offer myself as that knight who will demolish and put the Turks to flight, singly and alone.

[*Enter* ANTONIA.]

ANTONIA. Chocolate, father curate! Chocolate, uncle mine! Maria is serving it in the court where the air is fresher.

DON QUIXOTE. Will you excuse me for a time, dear curate? I have matters of importance to settle with Sancho. You may look for me to join you presently.

ANTONIA. Then come, father curate.

[*They go.*]

SANCHO. Ha, ha! They may indeed look for you to join them, and look till they have looked their eyes out. 'T is a good time now to give them the slip, if your worship really means to go.

DON QUIXOTE. I have fully decided, and presently will go. In the mean time you must know, friend Sancho, that of Heaven's will, I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty achievements, valiant deeds! I am he who shall go about righting wrongs and dispensing justice by the mere might of my strong arm!

SANCHO. And what will happen then?

DON QUIXOTE. Why, eternal fame and glory for me!

SANCHO. And what for me, if I accompany you as squire?

DON QUIXOTE. I mean to reward you well, Sancho.

SANCHO. But I must know well what this reward may be that you have mentioned so often and so well.

DON QUIXOTE. Why, at any moment, I may meet with an adventure that may win me a small island. This small island I will turn over to you and make you governor of it.

SANCHO. Why, then I'll go! But do not mind, sir, about winning a small island; I can govern a large one just as well.

DON QUIXOTE. So be it. Now get my armor that I showed you, Sancho, and fetch my helmet, and my lance, and shield.

[*Sancho goes out, and at once returns with some*

rusty armor, a half-helmet of pasteboard tied together with green ribbons, a lance and a shield. Don Quixote dons these things. He presents a ludicrous appearance.]

DON QUIXOTE. Now come what, come may, I am ready! 'T is but to mount my steed, and then away, away, away!

SANCHO. Aye, away! But on tip-toes, your worship!

[*They creep out through a back door.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *evening of the same day.*
PLACE: *the courtyard of an inn.*

DON QUIXOTE.	ANITA.
SANCHO PANZA.	SWINEHERD.
LANDLORD.	FIRST CARRIER.
LUISA.	SECOND CARRIER.

GUESTS, CARRIERS, MAIDS, COOKS, SCULLIONS.

[DON QUIXOTE *and* SANCHO *enter the courtyard. Don Quixote wears his armor and arms.*]

DON QUIXOTE. You have looked well to our steeds, Sancho?

SANCHO. Aye, sir, if indeed my mule could be classed as steed.

DON QUIXOTE. Some adventure will befall us here in this great castle, Sancho.

SANCHO. Castle, sir? Why, this is but an inn, your worship!

DON QUIXOTE. No, 't is a castle, Sancho.

(*Enter a* SWINEHERD *with a reed pipe, which he blows.*)

There, do you hear that blast of trumpets? 'T is the signal of my approach!

SANCHO. 'T is the blast of a swineherd to bring together his pigs, for without any apology, that is what they are called, your worship.

[*Enter* LUISA *and* ANITA *from the inn. The Swineherd goes.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Your ears mislead you, but your eyes can surely see those lovely and high-born ladies coming forth to welcome me. I 'll pay them my respects.

SANCHO. Master! They are but serving-maids come out to do their chores.

[*Don Quixote approaches and bows.*]

DON QUIXOTE. I thank your ladyships for this courtesy.

LUISA AND ANITA. Ha, ha, ha!

DON QUIXOTE. Modesty becomes the fair, and laughter that has little cause is great silliness. This I say not to pain you, for I desire to please you.

LUISA AND ANITA. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Enter the* LANDLORD *from the inn.*]

LANDLORD. What's all this noise and why?

LUISA (*aside to Landlord*). See the clown there, master!

ANITA (*aside to Landlord*). Wait, and you'll hear him jabber, master!

LANDLORD (*aside*). Oh, here is sport! I see that now. Go tell the guests what we have here!

[*Luisa and Anita go, laughing.*]

DON QUIXOTE (*aside to Sancho*). Observe how the high-born ladies tell their lord of my arrival.

LANDLORD. Sir Knight, if your worship wants lodging, I'll put you up at once and well.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir Keeper of the Castle, for me anything will do, for

My armor is my only wear,
My only rest the fray.

LANDLORD. In that case,

Your bed is on the flinty rock,
Your sleep to watch alway.

(ENTER THE GUESTS. LUISA *and* ANITA *return with many other* MAIDS, COOKS, *and* SCULLIONS.)

Maids, remove this Sir Knight's armor and make him comfortable.

[*The Maids remove armor and helmet.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, never, surely, was there knight,
So served by hand of dame,
As served was he, Don Quixote hight,
When from his town he came:
With princesses waiting on himself —

LUISA. What will you have to eat, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho! A terrible thought has come to me! I have not been dubbed a knight! Therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, I cannot lawfully enter into any adventure.

SANCHO. Which leaves me islandless. Be dubbed, sir! Be dubbed at once, sir!

[*Don Quixote kneels before the Landlord.*]

DON QUIXOTE. From this spot I rise not, great lord of this castle, until you grant me the boon I seek.

LANDLORD. Come, rise and eat.

SANCHO. No, no, my host, hear him! 'T is for the good of the human race and me.

LANDLORD. I will grant your boon, Sir Knight. Speak!

DON QUIXOTE. 'T is this: you shall dub me knight to-morrow morning, that I may then lawfully go roaming through the world in search of wrongs to be righted.

LANDLORD. I see that you should roam, sir, so, sir, you shall be dubbed a knight, sir, and

so thoroughly dubbed that no one could be more so.

DON QUIXOTE. I thank your lordship! To-night, then, I shall watch my arms in this courtyard. My watch shall begin at once.

SANCHO. Could you now feed the steeds and me, dear host?

LANDLORD. Aye, the three of you! Here, maids, cooks, scullions, see to it!

[*Sancho goes with a Cook. The others retire to door of inn and watch Don Quixote, who piles his armor in a water trough, by a well. He braces his buckler, takes his lance, and marches up and down in front of the trough. Pause. Enter two* CARRIERS *from the stables.*]

FIRST CARRIER. We should water our teams at this well, we have so long a journey.

SECOND CARRIER. What is this in the trough?

FIRST CARRIER. Throw it out, whatever it is.

DON QUIXOTE. Touch it not unless you would lay down your life as the penalty of your rashness!

SECOND CARRIER. What does he say?

FIRST CARRIER. 'T is a fancy way of talking that I do not understand. Come, we 'll throw out this old iron!

[*They throw the armor on the ground.*]

DON QUIXOTE. This, then, be your reward!

[*He throws his lance, which strikes a Carrier who falls. Other* CARRIERS *rush out from the stables.*]

CARRIERS. Seize him! Seize him!

DON QUIXOTE. Come, all of you!

[*He draws his sword and starts down upon them.*]

LANDLORD (*rushing out*). Hold, sir! Hold! Let them carry off their wounded! 'T is according to the laws of chivalry!

DON QUIXOTE (*sheathing his sword*). You speak truly, my lord. But should my armor be again attacked, I will not leave a soul alive in your castle, save yourself and your fair lady.

[*The Carriers take out the wounded Carrier.*]

LANDLORD. You show such bravery, sir, that 't is my wish to make you a knight at once.

DON QUIXOTE. I am ready. When I am once dubbed, we will depart, and quickly.

LANDLORD. Then it would perhaps be best to pay your reckoning now.

DON QUIXOTE. Pay! Never has any knight been asked to pay for anything!

LANDLORD. You 'll pay, or you 'll not be dubbed!

DON QUIXOTE. But, your lordship, 't is against the laws of chivalry! I have never read of such a thing in any book!

LANDLORD. Because no author thinks it necessary to tell that a knight must carry money and clean shirts. But it cannot be supposed that any knight could do without either. So if no pay, no dubbing.

SANCHO (*aside*). And no island. (*Aloud.*) I'll pay you, sir, out of my own savings.

[*He pays.*]

LANDLORD (*writing in book*). I'll write it down in my account book here. Now kneel, sir, and the ceremony shall begin.

DON QUIXOTE (*kneeling*). You have, of course, a book of the rites of chivalry?

LANDLORD. Of course! Of course!

(*Aside to Guests.*)

I'll use my account book here. (*Aloud.*) Come, maids with candles! Come, guests! Come, cooks! Come, scullions! Come all! Now to the dubbing!

(*The Maids with candles stand by the kneeling Don Quixote. The Landlord opens his account book and mutters as if saying his prayers.*)

Ten bales of straw, six pounds of barley, ten farthings from Master Pedro, twenty farthings paid to cook, eleven bales of straw, seventeen pounds of barley, paid six farthings for candles, eight pounds of barley —

(*Here he raises his hand and gives Don Quixote*

a blow on the neck, and with his own sword, a slap on the shoulder.)

Herewith, I dub you Knight! Now rise, Sir Knight, Dubbed Knight, and Well Dubbed Knight! Rise! Rise!

ALL. Hail, Sir Knight! Hail, Dubbed Knight! Hail! Hail!

[*Don Quixote rises and bows elaborately to all.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *three days later.*
PLACE: *the high road.*

DON QUIXOTE.	FIRST OUTRIDER.
SANCHO PANZA.	SECOND OUTRIDER.
FARMER.	THIRD OUTRIDER.
BOY.	FOURTH OUTRIDER.
LADY TRAVELLER.	CARTER OF LIONS.
HER DRIVER.	KEEPER OF LIONS.

TRAVELLERS.

[DON QUIXOTE *and* SANCHO *are seen resting under a tree by the roadside.*]

DON QUIXOTE. The steeds are well cared for, Sancho?

SANCHO. Well cared for, and well tied, your worship.

DON QUIXOTE. I doubt if any knight e'er tied his

steed. I have never read of it, and besides 't would cause delay in case of an adventure.

SANCHO. Master, for three days we have roamed, with little or still less to eat, and as yet not an adventure has come to view. It might be best to return home and attend to our business and give over wandering from pail to bucket.

DON QUIXOTE. Hold your peace and have patience, Sancho. The day will soon come when you shall see me do great deeds.

(*Cries are heard off.*)

Aha! This is the day, O Sancho! It has come at last!

SANCHO. Do not forget my island, sir.

[*Enter a* BOY *pursued by a* FARMER, *who carries a switch.*]

BOY. I won't do it again, master! I 'll take care of the flock another time!

DON QUIXOTE (*to Farmer*). Hold, sir! Hold! 'T is for me to protect the weak! See how I threaten you with my lance!

FARMER. This boy is careless with my sheep, sir. He loses one for me every day!

BOY. He owes me wages, Sir Knight!

FARMER. He has lost in sheep his wages ten times over.

DON QUIXOTE. Pay him at once, sir!

FARMER. I have no money with me, sir.

DON QUIXOTE. Then pay him at your home. Go with him, boy. I have saved you.

BOY. I fear he will not obey you, sir.

DON QUIXOTE. He dare not but obey! I am the valorous Don Quixote! Go!

(*He turns; looks off.*)

Sancho! A coach approaches! See the outriders and the lady inside! 'T is a princess, I am certain! They have stolen her and are carrying her away! 'T is for me to save her! Come!

[*He runs out. Sancho follows slowly.*]

BOY. A valiant and just judge! May he live a thousand years!

FARMER (*seizing boy*). Come, I 'll pay you! You shall have one thousand switches! Come!

[*He drags the boy out. Pause. Enter a coach with four* OUTRIDERS *and a* LADY *inside. Enter* DON QUIXOTE, *running, and* SANCHO, *creeping. Don Quixote places himself in front of the coach.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Unnatural beings! Release instantly that high-born princess!

[*The coach stops.*]

DRIVER. Out of the way, sir!

DON QUIXOTE. Beautiful princess, I will save you! I will compel these base robbers to restore you to your castle.

LADY. I am no princess, sir. I am on my way to Seville, attended by these gentlemen.

DON QUIXOTE. You fear to speak the truth! I will save you!

(*To Driver.*)

Turn the coach about, sir!

(*To Outriders.*)

Back on the road to the lady's own castle, sirs!

AN OUTRIDER. You madman! Out of our way!

SECOND OUTRIDER. We are in great haste! Out, or we shall put you out!

OTHERS. Out! Out!

DON QUIXOTE. Come on! I will vanquish all of you! I am the valorous Don Quixote!

THIRD OUTRIDER. At him, gentlemen!

[*The four dismount and rush upon Don Quixote. They throw him down and roll him out of the way. The coach drives on. The Outriders mount.*]

FOURTH OUTRIDER. Farewell, valorous knight! Ha, ha!

OTHERS. Farewell, valiant one! Ha, ha!

[*They go.*]

SANCHO (*picking up Don Quixote*). Fortune is against us, sir. And since it is so, it might be best for me to take wages instead of waiting for the island. Now I should like to know how much the squire of a knight-errant received in those days, and

did they agree by the month, or by the day, like bricklayers?

DON QUIXOTE. I have never read a word of wages to any squire in any of my books. They all served for the rewards that came from adventures. Such is the custom of chivalry, and I will not unhinge it. Any minute, the adventure may come that will give you an island! Who knows?

SANCHO. Who indeed!

DON QUIXOTE. Look, Sancho! There comes a cart covered with royal flags! Find my lance — quick! I am convinced that the adventure about to befall me is a terrible one!

[*Enter the cart with* DRIVER *and* KEEPER. *Don Quixote places himself in front of the cart, which stops. Enter* TRAVELLERS.]

Where are you going, carter? What cart is this? What have you in it? What flags are those?

CARTER. The flags are the King's. The cart is mine. In it is a pair of fine lions which the Governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty.

DON QUIXOTE. Are the lions large, sir?

KEEPER. So large, that larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain.

DON QUIXOTE. And who are you?

KEEPER. I am the keeper. And now will your

worship stand aside? The lions are hungry, and we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them.

DON QUIXOTE. Do you think to frighten me with lions? Open the cages, and turn out the beasts. I will let them know who Don Quixote is!

SANCHO. Master, I pray you!

DON QUIXOTE. Away, Sancho! Come, keeper, open the cages!

SANCHO. They 'll tear us all to pieces, master!

DON QUIXOTE. Take yourself to safety, Sancho. And now, keeper, by all that 's good, if you don't open the cages instantly, I 'll pin you with my lance!

CARTER. Please, your worship, let me first take the mules and myself to safety! If the lions kill them or me, I am ruined for life, for all I possess are these mules and cart.

DON QUIXOTE. As you please; I will wait. Now, keeper, shall I lance you?

KEEPER. I call all here to witness that against my will I open the cage! Now, place yourselves in safety, for I know they will not harm me!

[*The Carter runs with his mules. The Travellers go, running.*]

SANCHO. Master, I entreat you! I—

DON QUIXOTE. Go, Sancho!

KEEPER. Run, for your life, sir, for now I open the cage!

[*Sancho runs. Don Quixote stands in front of cart and draws his sword.*]

DON QUIXOTE. I challenge you, lions! On foot, undaunted and alone, I challenge you to combat!

KEEPER. Now, sir — on guard, sir!

[*The Keeper opens the cage.*]

SCENE IV

TIME: *one month later.*

PLACE: *the Duke's country palace.*

DON QUIXOTE.	FIRST LADY.
SANCHO PANZA.	SECOND LADY.
DUKE.	THIRD LADY.
DUCHESS.	FIRST GENTLEMAN.
PABLO, A PAGE.	SECOND GENTLEMAN.
DISTRESSED ONE (PABLO).	THIRD GENTLEMAN.
BEARDED ONES.	FIRST COOK.
KNIGHT OF THE MOON (THE CURATE).	SECOND COOK.
	SCULLION.

FIRST, SECOND MAIDS.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, MAIDS, COOKS, SCULLIONS.

[*The* SERVANTS *are seen in the courtyard looking at a covered statue.*]

FIRST MAID. The Duke brought it from Seville but yesterday!

FIRST COOK. What do you think it is?

SECOND MAID. I say it is a saint in marble.

A SCULLION. I say it is a plaster nymph!

SECOND COOK. I 'll guess it is a fountain!

[*Enter* PABLO.]

PABLO. The Duke and Duchess and their guests!

[*Servants go, running. Enter the* DUKE, DUCHESS, *and* GUESTS. *They cross to the covered piece.*]

DUKE. 'T is a treasure, I assure you!

DUCHESS. And it came from the Alhambra, Duke?

DUKE. From the Alhambra, Duchess. It was guarded closely by the Moors, among their gold and jewels. Now, then, Pablo!

[*Pablo removes the cover, disclosing a large wooden horse.*]

ALL. Ah!

DUKE. 'T is a magic flying horse! And 't is said that on a certain night of every year, it flies through the air, ridden by a Moor.

DUCHESS. I would that we could make it fly!

ALL. Aye! Aye!

[*Loud laughter and jeers are heard off.*]

DUKE. See what it is, Pablo!

[*Pablo goes. Laughter as before. Reënter* PABLO.]

PABLO. 'T is a curious sight! Ha, ha!

DUCHESS. Go on, Pablo! Go on!

PABLO. 'T is a curious knight! Ha, ha! And a curious squire! Ha, ha!

DUKE. Why, it must be that Don Quixote I heard of in Seville, and of whom I have just been telling you!

ALL. Ha, ha!

DUKE. Go bid him enter, Pablo. Say I am expecting him. But stay! Suppose, Duchess, we enact the farce we played last Fool's Day? What say you, friends?

GUESTS. Splendid! Splendid!

DUKE. Pablo can be the Distressed One, just as he was before.

PABLO. And twelve maids I 'll get to be the poor Bearded Ladies.

DUCHESS. But this queer Don Quixote — What part shall he take in our farce?

DUKE (*laughing*). Why, being a serious-minded knight, he is like to take our merry jest in earnest.

DUCHESS. Faith, we shall have rare sport if he does!

PABLO. By your Grace's leave, we *shall* have rare sport!

DUKE. Aye, leave it to our clever Pablo! And remember, friends, take your cue from him. Come

now, Pablo! Myself, I'll lift this valiant knight from his horse!

DUCHESS. And we 'll receive him as he were the King himself!

GUESTS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*The Duke goes with Pablo.*]

DUCHESS. Now here are flowers to shower on him!

[*She gives flowers to the Guests, who form in line. Reënter the* DUKE *with* DON QUIXOTE *and* SANCHO. *The* SERVANTS *follow.*]

ALL. Welcome! Welcome, Don Quixote!

[*They bow and then shower flowers upon him.*]

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*kneeling*). O illustrious reviver of knight-errantry!

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*kneeling*). O never yet duly extolled knight!

THIRD GENTLEMAN (*kneeling*). O courage of the faint-hearted!

FIRST LADY (*kneeling*). O prop of the tottering!

SECOND LADY (*kneeling*). O arm of the fallen!

THIRD LADY (*kneeling*). O staff of the unfortunate!

DUCHESS. Welcome, flower and cream of chivalry! We have heard of your valiant deeds, O greatest of all knights, and O bravest of all squires!

SANCHO (*aside to Don Quixote*). That's me!

DON QUIXOTE (*aside to Sancho*). At last the world has found me out! (*Aloud.*) Arise, fair ladies! Arise, brave knights!

[*They arise.*]

DUKE. All Spain is talking of your adventures, O mirror, and beacon, and star of knight-errantry!

SANCHO. But the truth is, and I am sorry to say it, we have met with nothing but carters who have tumbled his worship from his steed, and with his steed, till no one could tell man from steed.

DON QUIXOTE. 'T is not becoming in a squire to speak before his master.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

DUKE. And besides, I have heard a different story. What could have been braver than Don Quixote's battle with the lions!

DON QUIXOTE. What indeed? And I say so with modesty.

DUCHESS. O you bold and most modest knight! Your own deed speaks your praise. You, alone, on foot, with nothing but a sword, and that none of the sharpest; with your single shield, and that none of the brightest, stood ready to receive the two fiercest lions that ever roared within the deserts!

SANCHO. But, fair lady, know you not that the lions did not even come out of their cage? They were both asleep.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

DUKE. Well, 't was not Don Quixote's fault. His bravery was just as great.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

[*Don Quixote bows.*]

DUCHESS. 'T is said you are expecting an island any minute, Sancho.

SANCHO. Yes, Duchess, and I must say that I shall make a good governor, for I have been a good squire.

DUKE. Now that is my idea, too. So, Sancho, in the name of Don Quixote, I confer upon you the government of one of my islands.

DON QUIXOTE. On your knees, Sancho!

SANCHO (*kneeling*). Ten million thanks, my lordship, dear lordship! (*Rising.*) How soon shall I get the island, sir?

DUKE. You first must give proof of your fitness, Sancho. I must see what I now only know by hearsay.

[*Enter a veiled* LADY, *the* DISTRESSED ONE, *wearing a crown. She is followed by twelve veiled* LADIES.]

DISTRESSED ONE (*in a hoarse voice*). Your Highnesses, I am the Distressed One!

[*She lifts her veil* (*aside*), *disclosing the* PAGE; *smiles; drops veil.*]

DUCHESS. Speak, Distressed One!

ALL. Speak!

DISTRESSED ONE. My misery would melt marble, soften diamonds, and split real steel. But ere I speak, I would know whether there be present that knight Don Quixotissimus and his squirissimus Panza.

SANCHO. The Panza is here, and Don Quixotissimus, too. And so, distressed Queenissimus, you may say what you willissimus, for we are all readissimus to do you any servissimus.

DON QUIXOTE. If your sorrows, Distressed One, can hope for relief from my valor, I here devote it to your service.

SANCHO. So unpack your woes and lay them before us.

DISTRESSED ONE. I, sir, am the Queen of a distant land. All went happily till an evil giant came upon us. He has treated us most cruelly, as you shall see. 'T would have been kinder of him to have cut off our various heads at once, as you shall see. But no, it was far otherwise, as you shall see.

SANCHO. Then let us see! I, for one, can wait no longer!

DISTRESSED ONE. Behold!

[*All the Ladies lift their veils, disclosing faces covered with beards, red, black, and white.*]

DUKE. Alas! Alas!

DUCHESS. Heaven pity them!

GENTLEMAN. Shameful! Shameful!

LADIES (*to Don Quixote*). Save them! Save them!

SANCHO. Or shave them, shave them!

DON QUIXOTE. If I kill the giant, will your beards disappear?

BEARDED ONES. At once!

DON QUIXOTE. Then he is killed! I'll go now to hunt him!

SANCHO. And I, for I like not wool on ladies fair. Lead on, Distressed One!

DISTRESSED ONE. The fact is, it is five thousand leagues from here to my kingdom, by land. But only three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven by air.

DON QUIXOTE. By air!

DISTRESSED ONE. Be not dismayed, there 's a certain wooden horse can carry you. He flies through the air so rapidly that in ten minutes you will be there.

SANCHO. Flies!

BEARDED ONES. Flies.

DUKE. Well, well, I think I have that very horse here!

BEARDED ONES. Where? Where?

DUKE. There, behind you.

DISTRESSED ONE. A peg should be in his forehead.

DUCHESS. It is! It is!

DISTRESSED ONE. Then mount, Sir Knight, and squire! Mount and away!

SANCHO. Not I! I have no heart for flying!

DON QUIXOTE. These ladies must be saved! I'll mount at once!

[*He mounts the horse.*]

DISTRESSED ONE. Permit me to cover your eyes, Sir Knight, for that is necessary.

[*She ties a silken scarf over his eyes.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Up with you, Sancho! 'T is a long journey and I would not go alone.

SANCHO. I would not have you go alone, master, and yet I would not go with you.

DUKE. Then you cannot have the island. A good squire, a good governor!

SANCHO. Well, then, I'll go, but my heart it is not in it! And I would like to know what the animal has in his stomach.

DUKE. I'll go bail for him! So mount without fear, brave governor.

[*The Duke blindfolds Sancho, who mounts with fear.*]

DISTRESSED ONE. Now then — pull out the peg, Sir Knight!

"A STRONG WIND COMES AGAINST ME."

[*Don Quixote feels for the peg and draws it out.*]

ALL. Farewell! Farewell!

DUCHESS. How swiftly they fly!

DUKE. See how far they are above us!

FIRST LADY. At least ten miles away!

FIRST GENTLEMAN. And now they are some twenty!

SECOND GENTLEMAN. You are wobbling some, brave Sancho!

ALL. Take care! Take care!

[*Sancho winds his arms around Don Quixote.*]

SANCHO. Let me but hold to you, master! We go so fast I am quite dizzy!

ALL. Hold fast, brave Sancho!

SANCHO. How can we hear them so plainly when we are up so high?

DON QUIXOTE. Don't mind that, Sancho. This flying is out of the common. So we can easily hear as much as we like a thousand leagues away. 'T is a smooth-riding steed, and I must say I like it. So banish fear, for everything is going well and we have the wind astern.

[*All are now fanning them at back.*]

SANCHO. Aye, a strong wind comes against me on this side.

DON QUIXOTE. We are now in the region of hail

and snow. We shall soon plunge into the region of fire.

[*All hold lighted candles near them.*]

SANCHO. Master! Master! We are already there! I am burning to death!

[*The candles are taken away.*]

DON QUIXOTE. 'T is cooler now: we have passed through safely, Sancho.

SANCHO. I've a mind to peep and see where we are.

DON QUIXOTE. No, no! We shall soon descend upon the giant; our flight down will be swift and terrible.

[*As two Gentlemen push the travellers from the horse, the Bearded Ones remove their beards.*]

ALL. Welcome home! Welcome home!

[*The travellers remove the bandages and rise.*]

SANCHO. 'T is the same place, master!

DON QUIXOTE. Why — I cannot understand it!

DUKE. O thou valorous knight! Come to my arms — my arms!

(*He embraces Don Quixote.*)

Thou hast conquered and returned!

ALL. Hail, Victorious One! Hail! All hail!

DON QUIXOTE. You say we have conquered?

DUCHESS. The beards are gone! Behold!

BEARDED ONES. You have saved us!

DON QUIXOTE. Heaven be praised! You see, Sancho, that it was worth our journey after all, though I cannot remember when I killed the giant.

SANCHO. We ran into and crushed him when the horse stopped. I remember now I heard him groan.

[*Enter* A KNIGHT *in armor* (*the* KNIGHT OF THE MOON.) *On his shield is painted a white moon. As he approaches, he calls out loudly.*]

KNIGHT. Valorous Knight, and never yet enough praised Don Quixote, I challenge you to combat! If I vanquish you, you must return to your own village to live there for the rest of your life in peace and quiet. This, according to the laws of chivalry!

DON QUIXOTE. Sir Knight, I accept your challenge. Go you to that side, I to this. My lance and shield, Sancho!

DUKE (*aside*). Is this a joke of yours, wife?

DUCHESS (*aside*). Why, no, I thought you had planned it.

DUKE (*aside*). Is this a joke, sir stranger? I will permit no harm to come to Don Quixote here.

KNIGHT (*lifting visor*). I am the curate of La Mancha, Duke, and an old friend of Don Quixote's. I take this means to return him to his home.

DUKE. May luck attend you, curate!

SANCHO. Attention, all! The fray begins!

[*The Knights rush upon each other, and Don*

Quixote is hurled to the ground. The Knight of the Moon holds his lance over him.]

KNIGHT. You are vanquished, sir! Will you do as you have promised?

DON QUIXOTE. As a true and loyal knight, I will.

KNIGHT. Then you are free.

[*He goes out quickly. Sancho helps Don Quixote to his feet.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Miserable being that I am! Am I not he that has been conquered, vanquished, overthrown? Come, Sancho, let us bid them farewell.

DUCHESS. Will you not stay for your island, Sancho?

SANCHO. No, Duchess, for much as I would love an island, I love my master more. I've eaten his bread; I'm grateful, and above all, I'm faithful.

DON QUIXOTE. Duke, to you I present my armor. Duchess, to you my helmet. To you, Distressed One, my lance and shield.

DUKE. 'T is the downfall of chivalry!

DUCHESS. 'T is the end of knight-errantry!

DON QUIXOTE. So be it. I have done my best and failed. Farewell, dear friends, farewell!

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